

# LEND A HAND

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It is one of the characteristic traits of civilized men and women that people who live in cities always affect to be very fond of the country, and people who live in the country always hanker for the life of towns. There is, of course, a good deal of affectation in it. If we here really longed for orange-groves, as we pretend to, it is an easy matter to go and plant orange trees, and we should do it. Or, if we really prized the freedom of Texas or Colorado, as we pretend, why, we should go there. Beneath the affectation, however, there is a healthy feeling, on the side of the city and country both, that each has much to learn from the other. And, as Mr. Olmsted has said, the civilization of our time requires constant effort, both "for the urbanizing of the country and the ruralizing of the cities." The introduction in the country of good roads and walks, conveniences for intercourse, ready purchase and sale, and so on, goes hand in hand with the efforts of cities to open parks, to introduce pure water, to plant living trees instead of dead ones, and to keep them alive when they have been planted. For all such work the best stimulus and guarantee is in the annual ebb and flow, which, every winter, brings into the cities the best of the inhabitants of the country, and every summer carries into the country the best of the inhabitants of the city. The results of such ebb and flow are well shown in England, where country life has more conveniences than anywhere else in the world; and where, on the other hand, even in London, though the largest of cities, the rate of health is better than it is even in most of the smaller cities of the world.

As we have already intimated in these pages, country life has a good deal to teach to the residents in cities, as to the simple way of handling the questions of the prevention of pauperism. Indeed, the real danger comes from that madness which builds up what are called Institutions, and supposes that an Institution has in itself a certain value. One saw just such madness in the war when great Hospitals grew up in the rear of the army, to which sick and wounded soldiers were sent back. It was the hardest thing in the world to teach the people in charge of them that the one great object of the Hospital was to supply the army with able-bodied men. In spite of themselves, they would grow into the feeling that the object was to have a fine establishment, where the men were contented and made a good appearance, when a visitor or Committee of Investigation came round.

In just that way the people in charge of an "Institution of Philanthropy," particularly after the generation of founders has gone by, are apt to think that it exists, so that it may exist. And they cannot understand that the perfection to be aimed at might be empty wards and an Institution put up for sale.

To consider the lesson which country life has to teach those who live in cities, as to mutual intercourse among people of all classes and the good which that intercourse brings about in the largest undertakings of our social life. These results as

achieved in the country towns where they work at most advantage, are such as seem almost miraculous to the jaded social-science student in the city, who sees the "Black Maria" crowded every day, as she takes her sad freight to the House of Correction and the prison, and who reads, every week, of an unchecked mortality far above his desired average. A few summers ago in Milton, a town of between two and three thousand people, there was nobody in the poorhouse. There was talk of letting rooms in it for summer boarders, the site being exquisite. In winter they had four old people in it, who spent their winters there as in a convenient clubhouse, and in the spring left to visit their friends. In the matter of health, the last report of the Registrar of Boston went into a careful argument to show the impossibility of reducing our death-rate here to 14 in the 1000, which some enthusiasts have gone so far as to hope for. But we have only to go fifteen miles, to Canton, to find a town where the death-rate is but 15 in a 1000, with good hope of improvement there. Really, our most enthusiastic plans for improvements in society, which seem in the aggregate fabulous, are little more than the bringing into one view improvements which, in separate detail, have been effected elsewhere. If, for instance, we could introduce in Boston, say, the social conditions of the town of Vineland, in New Jersey, under which they lived for ten years, our police expenses would be twenty-five hundred dollars a year, and our expenses for public charity for our own people "practically nothing." "Practically nothing" is the answer which the relieving officer makes in answer to a question in that direction. All the "public charity" was bestowed on tramps or other wayfarers.

The first great lesson of country life is the advantage the country towns gain because everybody knows everybody. If a man falls off his barn and is killed and leaves a widow with six children to take care of, everybody knows it and is interested. You might say the whole town, certainly all that neighborhood, becomes a committee of the whole to attend to that woman and her family. Those children do not lack for books at school, for clothes, or for shoes. As they grow up they do not lack for work, and they do not have to carry home shavings and laths for fuel. They are taken right into the common life of the neighborhood. And, at the end of fifty years, probably any one of those children might say that it had been no disadvantage to him, in material affairs, that his father died when he was young. Or as the children study, an intelligent boy, eager in books and study, shoots right ahead of his competitors in school. That thoughtful, wise woman, who is the life of the whole village, stops him one day, and bids him come home with her and borrow some books. She makes sure she is right; she knows her boy, and knows that the State needs of all such boys it can get. When the time comes she sends him to college, and pays his bills, though to do so she have to wear the same bonnet and shawl and furs for ten years, and go to church on foot though she used to ride.

Such chances and such victories are a matter of course in the country. They are not so much crowded there but they can see each others' faces. There is not so much noise but they can hear each others' voices. So they can bear each others' burdens there, with a certain ease which is impossible here. The consequence is, that in the country towns the crime and even the grinding poverty come from those lonely hovels which are far away from the villages, in unknown "gores," as they call them, in deserts midway between one village and another. They come from these, and from the crowded factory villages, which in a horrid caricature reflect the worst evils of the life of cities. The typical life of older rural towns was curiously free both from pauperism and crime.

The local phrase "gore" which we used just now is a New England word borrowed from the old surveyors to indicate a bit of land which belonged really to nobody and which nobody wanted. If, for instance, the people of Eden had laid out their township, taking in all the land that they thought good for anything, and the people of Paradise, not far off, had laid out theirs with a similar view, there might well come in some irregular triangle or other polygon of mountain, or other desert which nobody wanted. This would be called on the surveys a "gore." On these "gores" would settle people who did not care to pay for land, were willing to do without schools, and were not distressed, indeed, if the tax-collector never came to them. In literal fact, as a clear law of selection would show, such people were largely outlaws whether they meant to be, or not. Of such a family, there is a study wrought in the very finest detail in Judd's "Margaret."

Such people live not only without the advantages or disadvantages of statute law, but they are also quite outside the pressure and the encouragement of society. "Nobody cares for them," and it is quite apt to follow, naturally enough, that "they care for nobody." The children do not go to school and naturally enough do not want to. The fathers and mothers do not go to church and naturally enough do not want to. They have very little money with which to go to the "store," and the store-keeper, either of Eden, or of Paradise does not care much for their custom. Such people might vote in most States. But if voting requires paying taxes they had rather be without the suffrage, and it will not often happen that they care much for the questions involved in the Spring and Fall elections.

The most competent students of prison life tell us that this very small section of people who grow up wholly outside the lessons of society, furnishes a far larger number of criminals than its due proportion. And people of public spirit and religion who want to arrest pauperism and crime will find no field of work in which work is so necessary as that among these people who, either through geographical situation, or through any other circumstance, physical or psychological, feel themselves to be not a part of the people among whom they live.

To return to that comparison of the openness of country life, and the close imprisonment of cities, read Cowper's bitter lines, not yet a hundred years old. They are the only verses, we believe, in which he alludes to the dismemberment of the British Empire, in which America was lost to the English crown. It is worth notice that he ascribes the folly of the administration of the time—and he was right—to the folly and selfishness of London:—

God made the country, and man made the town ;  
What wonder, then, that health . . . should most abound  
And least be threatened in the fields and groves ?

. . . We [here] can spare  
The splendor of your lamps. . . . Your songs confound  
Our more harmonious notes. The thrush departs,  
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.  
There is a public mischief in your mirth,—  
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,  
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,  
Has made—what enemies could ne'er have done—  
Our arch of Empire, steadfast but for you,  
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

## FIGHTING THE DEVILS IN THE NEW YORK SLUMS.

BY CHARLES F. WINGATE.

WOULD any one like to hear how we are fighting the Devils—disease, drink, degradation and death—in the slums of this great metropolis? Let me relate one personal experience in that line, and then briefly point the moral.

You have heard of "homeless people," but New York is a city without homes. There are thousands living here in tenements, which it would be a mockery to call by that sacred name, where they are exposed to influences destructive to health, refinement, self-control and decency.

Let me picture one of the worst houses of this class without exaggeration, and with the simple desire to truthfully describe a feature of city life, as a pathologist delineates some festering ulcer or abscess which has eaten out the life of a human being.

The place stands at 13 Liberty Street, where thousands daily pass to and from the Jersey Ferry. The front building is quite respectable, and is occupied by a barber's shop with a boarding house above. Behind this, separated by a space of about five feet, stands a three-story, ramshackle structure, with a cellar in the front, but with the rear rooms resting directly upon the damp, foul ground. There is a narrow, totally dark hallway, with four families on each of the three floors, which gives one small room and a little, dark, interior closet for a household. Most of the tenants are Italians; others a low grade of Irish. At the back of the building there is a space of perhaps six feet, beyond which rises the blank wall of a huge warehouse. Here are placed hydrants and closets, the sole supply for the building. The pavements are usually wet, and the saturation penetrates under the rear rooms.

At three o'clock on the day of my first visit I found an intelligent-looking English woman, writing a letter by lamp-light, with no fire and little food and hardly any furniture. Later on I saw one of her children dying in the little den where they slept upon the rotting, oozing floor, and afterwards raised money for its funeral.

A whole chapter of similarly tragical experiences could be told of this place. It is destitute of light, air, dryness, comfort, and almost every other essential to human life. The police say that beer is carried into the house all the time, and fights are common among the inmates. The landlord owns two other similar rookeries on Washington Street, not far off, and collects his rents himself.

Dr. Tracy, Sanitary Inspector for the district, says that the house has been a thorn in his side for many years. "I do not see what can be done in the matter, short of tearing it down."

I would not assert that all New York tenements are as bad as this one, or that their occupants are all diseased or debased. But I do say that in many thousands, the conditions are bad—shockingly bad; and that as time goes on they will probably become worse. Most of these houses are so cheaply built, they have received such hard usage, and are so neglected by their owners, that they inevitably go to rack and ruin. The best buildings if filled with careless, uncleanly people, will deteriorate.

Tenement houses are found not only in New York, but the accursed system of housing people by the score and the hundred under one roof is extending in Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cin-



cinnati, St. Louis, and even in San Francisco. It therefore concerns every taxpayer, every property owner, every philanthropist, and every good citizen to know what can be done to mitigate its evils.

Twenty years ago there were only 12,000 tenements in New York. Now there are close upon twice that number, and the end is not yet. Those lately built are larger and better in many respects than their predecessors; but still they are but a poor substitute for homes. Besides, the ill effects of their mal-influences are cumulative. Twenty years more of tenement life will make a rich harvest for the prison, the hospital, and the potter's field.

Reformers in every field are learning that they must concentrate their efforts in striving to rescue the young. Temperance agitators, the men and women who assail the social evils, evangelical missionaries and sanitary reformers, all cry that it is no use trying to reclaim adults. We must rescue the children. But how can this be done when they live amid such surroundings?

It is the young who are the chief victims of the devils which I have named at the outset. The little children perish like flies from cholera infantum, diphtheria, scarlet fever and what, with fine irony, we call "preventable diseases" as if it was not somebody's business to prevent them.

Some 15,000 children under five die every year in New York, chiefly in the tenements. Multiply this figure by twenty, and fancy the massacre during the next decade. It is the tenement children who fill the reformatories, and who are trained upon their sole playground—the street—to become "toughs." It is among the tenements that our youth learn habits of intemperance and vice, and are educated to become a part of the "dangerous class." It hardly seems possible to save either the bodies or souls of those exposed to such demoralizing and destructive influences.

People must realize these things by seeing for themselves. I wonder how many readers of this article ever visited a city tenement. Try it some time with your eyes and nostrils wide open; then say how you would like to live in such a place, where, as a lady visitor once said, it seems as if six weeks of such surroundings would destroy any one's moral character.

Landlords are not wholly to blame. Ignorant and careless tenants are also responsible for existing defects. Sanitary missionaries to preach simple hygienic truths are also needed. It is significant that most of our charitable societies, like the City Missions, are substituting trained nurses for Bible readers, and they find that it is necessary before carrying the Gospel to the poor, to first supply their physical needs; and that no more proper missionary can be found than the trained nurses.

How are we fighting these demons, and how are we succeeding? First, the Health officers are striving to enforce sanitary regulations, and to compel landlords to keep tenements clean and wholesome. But they have not enough funds; they are afraid of exciting the opposition of property owners and politicians. Second, during the last four years the plans of all new buildings have had to be submitted to the Health Board for approval, and are subject to certain restrictions. But even the best tenements are not satisfactory in a sanitary point of view, and the time is close at hand when restrictions must be placed upon the number of persons permitted under one roof. We cannot allow twenty families to be housed in one habitation, as now constructed. Third, a few model apartments have been erected here and in Brooklyn, but most of these accommodate a better class than the very poor.

The White improved tenements in Brooklyn contain washer-women, long-shore-men, porters and peddlers, even

those who can only pay \$5.00 a month. The Standard Oil Company have recently put up some superb model houses for their employes at Green Point, with abundant light in every room, and all modern improvements. But even if such buildings were as numerous as Waterlow and Peabody model houses in London, they would barely supply the natural increase in population, and would not affect the condition of existing tenements.

Miss Ellen Collins and a few other philanthropic persons have followed the excellent example of Miss Octavia Hill in London, and have successfully leased old tenements of the worst class, and by careful personal supervision converted them into decent, healthful and profitable buildings. It is a pity that others could not extend this good work, but it requires a special aptitude and great patience. Yet even Miss Collins complains that she has not got hold of the most incorrigible class of tenants who infest the stale beer dives and the worst rookeries, and who naturally escape from any improving influences.

Another line of good work is being carried on in the direction of cheap lodging houses, by the Tenth Ward Sanitary Aid Society, and the Workingmen's Association who lodge several hundred men in comfort at nominal terms. The former society has also raised a fund to build a model tenement in the Hebrew quarter.

The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, of which James Gallatin is President, and John Bowne, Secretary, has accomplished much good by systematically receiving and forwarding complaints from tenants to the Board of Health, of unsanitary conditions in tenements, which are verified by a paid inspector. Defects which tenants would be afraid to complain of have thus been rectified. The same Association has labored to improve the condition of the streets, and also to suppress the notorious Hunter's Point stench which make life a burden, both to occupants of the tene-

ments and to the residents of Murray Hill who are exposed to their pestilential odors.

The Children's Aid Society under the direction of its Secretary, Charles L. Brace, cares for and educates several thousand girls and boys in its lodging houses and industrial schools; maintains a seaside sanitarium, and has transferred some 65,000 children to homes in the West. The Tribune Fresh Air Fund has performed a like useful service in sending hundreds of little ones on vacation visits in country farms throughout the State.

Unfortunately, most of these agencies, however good in their intent and in their results, fail to touch the root of the matter. They are palliative and temporary, and not permanent and preventive. The old dilapidated tenements packed with people still remain. The Italian quarter has its thousands, and the Hebrew section its hordes. In Little Africa, Chinatown, and New Germany there are fever nests and dives by the score, each a center of contagion, whose poison spreads throughout the metropolis like the growing circle of ripples in a pond.

To reform these conditions nothing but radical measures will suffice. "We have scotched the snake, not killed it."

Dilapidated houses must be torn down. Crowded back yards and contracted courts, not wide enough to swing a cat in, must be cleared out. Dark halls and inside rooms must be made light, even if valuable space for rental must be destroyed. Tenants must be forbidden to harbor unlimited boarders, as the poor Polish Jews do. No dwelling should contain more than a fixed and limited number of persons, proportionate to the amount of air space. Cellars must be made dry and kept clean and well ventilated. Cess-pools must be abolished. Sufficient water must be supplied so that weak women and children need not toil up many flights of stairs with dripping buckets. Dark, inside bedrooms must be made light, and other like reforms carried out.

Many of these provisions were recommended by the late Tenement Commission which met last year; but with what avail? Their report has been pigeon-holed at Albany, and their recommendations forgotten. What is most needed is a man of enthusiasm, a modern Howard, Cobden, Garrison, or Bergh, to expound the sanitary gospel and to arouse public sentiment to compel its enforcement.

Owners of good houses must be shown the danger of permitting a few landlords to let their property go to rack and ruin. Business men must be made to see that pestilence is ever pending in the slums,

and that it would be as destructive to New York as it has been in Montreal, Toulon and Naples. The moral sense of the community must be aroused to the threatening evils consequent upon unsanitary conditions, and the Health Officers must be sustained and stimulated to enforce existent laws which are ample for all present needs. With the right man, all other conditions would be met. Money, law, sympathy and other stimulus would come promptly, if the new Hercules would undertake to clean the Augean stables of New York,—but where is the man?

## WALKS IN BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

### III.—Sewing.

APRONS, bags, bed linen, button-holes, children's clothing, curtains, towels, dolls' articles, dresses, sacques, handkerchiefs, repairing, sewing by the yard, table linen, under garments, miscellaneous, form the list of articles completed by the girls in one year in our Common Schools, as given in the Report of 1884.

78,607½ articles, including 7,782½ yards of sewing. No other instruction given in the schools can so easily be counted up as to its bare results. But these indeed represent but little of the gain to each one of the scholars. It was found when this instruction, ten years ago, was made effective and practical, that certain girls who had been backward in their studies, suddenly became prominent in their skill in sewing, and the very fact of finding there were some things they could do well, gave them a stimulus for the studies in which they had before been backward.

All the work thus reported has been

done in the Girls' schools, in two lessons a week, of one hour each, and there can be no pleasanter walk in our schools than to visit one of the larger Schools for Girls where at any school hour you will find some one class, or more, of girls busily at work on some of their varied articles.

A very little fancy-work is allowed. It is permitted only at Christmas time for those girls who have shown skill in plain needle-work, which is the first necessary step toward art needle-work. In the interesting exhibitions which take place in most of the schools in April and May, specimens of fancy-work take often a conspicuous place. It should be remembered, however, that they are always tokens of skill in plainer work, and have been only allowed as rewards for conscientious plain needle-work, since it is only permitted for those who are victors in the lower stages.

The State government has therefore lent a hand in advancing in a practical

direction the education of our girls. One step more remains, to place this instruction among the *requirements*, the "*must instructs*" in the ordinance of our schools. A number of the large cities of the Commonwealth have followed the example of Boston in teaching sewing in the common schools. It would be easier for the smaller cities and towns to introduce it, if this instruction were rendered compulsory by the State law, which provides as follows:

"Common Schools are required in every town, and must be kept for six months in number sufficient for all children. They must instruct in orthography, reading, writing, English grammar, geography, arithmetic, the history of the United States, drawing and good behavior; and may instruct in algebra, vocal music, physiology, hygiene and the elementary use of hand-tools, agriculture and sewing."

Ten years ago this instruction was battling in uncertainty, but the statement just given, shows how the law was amended in 1884, to include the elementary use of hand-tools; and previously in 1876, to include sewing, with the following act:

"Sewing shall be taught in any city or town, in all the public schools in which the school committee of such city or town deem it expedient."

The history of the effort to introduce sewing in the common schools of Boston goes back as far as 1835, when a petition of ladies was offered to the School Committee, praying that needle-work be taught to the girls in the Grammar Schools, and a resolve was passed that plain sewing should be taught one hour every school-day, for the summer months, and it appears that sewing and knitting were taught in the Primary Schools as early as 1839.

In 1854 a fresh petition requesting that sewing should be taught in all the Grammar Schools, shows that the instruction had fallen into disuse, and an order was adopted, providing that sewing should be taught in the fourth class in each Grammar School for girls. Objections were

made, however, by some of the masters to the admission of sewing into their schools, and an order was passed allowing it to be discontinued according to the judgment of the committee in charge of the school.

In 1867 or 1868 a complete reform was instituted in the Shurtleff School with regard to this branch of instruction, which has since then been very successfully carried on there; and great improvement took place in some other schools, also, at different times.

In 1865 or 1866 a lady in this city, well-known for her benevolence and generous public spirit, had requested that a class of older girls in the Winthrop School might receive instruction in more advanced needle-work at her expense, and for this purpose she agreed to send, once a week, a dressmaker and a seamstress, and supply all the materials.

This request having been granted, the results proved so eminently satisfactory that, after a trial of several years, when the matter was no longer an experiment, the work was surrendered by the lady who had commenced it, and who thought it time that the city should carry it on. This benefactor was Mrs. Hemenway, who has in a similar way initiated the instruction in Cooking, an account of which was given in the first of these papers. In 1873, a special teacher was appointed to give all her time to the work, extending the instruction throughout the school, and teaching the most advanced class to cut and fit their own dresses.

The passage in 1876, February 1st, of the act permitting instruction in Sewing in the Common Schools, gave a stimulus to the work of the committee in Boston. Women had now become members of the School Board, and could supervise a careful examination of the teaching of sewing and select qualified teachers. The appointment of special teachers directly raised the standard of the work, for however qualified the regular class-teacher might be to teach sewing, it is utterly

impossible for her to find time to prepare the work which should be placed in the hands of the scholars.

An early Report states: "The change that has taken place in the sewing in our schools since the appointment of the Committee on Sewing proves the wisdom of putting it under special supervision. The first examinations showed that in many of the schools there was a lack of interest in this work, which led to disastrous results. No one in particular cared for the sewing; it was crowded out more or less by any lesson which happened to need a little extra time; it was apparently nobody's business to inspect the amount or quality of the work done, and the natural consequences followed: The improvement since then has been steady. Masters and teachers have generally shown themselves ready to coöperate with the committee, and have entered heartily into the effort to lift this branch of instruction to its proper place, and to see that the time allotted to it is no longer wasted or abridged; and some of the schools where sewing was then held in most contempt are to-day justly proud of the amount, variety, and excellence of the work they accomplish."

Every year, usually in April and May, is held an exhibition of the results of the sewing done in the schools. These are usually announced in the papers, and we would advise any one who wishes to see the satisfactory work of our schools, to visit one or more of them. The Winthrop and Shurtleff Schools have been the "banner" schools in this instruction, because it has been given in each class throughout these schools, and they have been able to show that these lessons have in no way interfered with the standard advance in other lessons, the standard of study in these schools retaining its high rank, but the instruction has been gradually extending from the three lower classes of the other Grammar Schools for girls, where it was placed by the Rules of 1876. In these schools where it has been taught the long-

est, the teacher finds that already the advantages of the teaching show in the new generations and classes that come under her instruction. At first, the girls hardly knew what a thimble was, and had never owned a needle, but nowadays their older sisters have taught them the use of these articles and the mothers have learned from their daughters, so that the fresh generation starts at a higher grade.

But the especial advantage of the late system of teaching is, that it is given to special teachers. In Philadelphia in later years, an effort was made to teach the teaching of sewing to the scholars of the Normal School, that this branch might be brought into the regular course taken up by each teacher. But this effort has been abandoned, and the Boston method has been adopted.

Two hours a week are given for these lessons, and it is astonishing how much is accomplished in two steady hours of work. Girls who have come into school in September in utter ignorance of thimble and needle, by February are hemming nicely, and making bags for their own work. The Exhibitions frequently show this advance in giving the work done the first week in the school by the side of the finished work of a year or more after. Each scholar is requested to bring work from home prepared, as far as possible. But, in any case where it is not so provided, the sewing teacher is expected to have work on hand, that there may be no excuse for an unoccupied hour, and that time may not be wasted in sending home for work.

The sewing teacher is requested to make all preparation and fitting of work out of school, that she may give the whole of the hour to the oversight of the work. Any fitting that requires time is laid aside and is attended to out of the hour, and other work supplied in its place. All of this requires more work than any regular teacher could find time for.

It is the regularity with which this

work is supplied, and with which the lessons are given, that gives them their value. Mission schools are of great importance in teaching sewing to the poorer children, who would never be taught at home. But they suffer from the irregularity of attendance. An older girl is kept at home to take care of the baby, or the younger ones stay out to amuse themselves. With all the incentives of promise of Christmas presents, or kindly influences of teachers, it is very difficult to gather the same set of scholars week after week. But our school system has the advantage of bringing together regularly the same children to the same course of lessons, and, as we have said, it is astonishing to see the results of such efficient lessons. Great care has been taken in the selection of the teachers, and we may believe that the success of the sewing in our Boston schools is largely due to the conscientious work of the special teachers, many of whom have served for many years and sustained the reputation of the Boston method. We must add, too, that not only are

the poorer classes helped by this systematic teaching of sewing, but its value has been found among the girls of more favored homes. It is very encouraging in our Sewing Societies for charitable purposes, to see that the young girls can cut, fit and sew as well, if not better than their elders, and that they take that pleasure in doing it, which we always feel in doing what we know we can do well, and they have learned how to do this in the public school. The instruction in sewing stands now the last in the list of "instructions" of our common schools, perhaps from some alphabetical or other requirement of convenience, not because it is the latest addition, and surely not because it is the least in importance. At present, it ranks in value as among the most efficient and practical of the course of education given to the girls in our schools. It is hoped that its preëminence in Boston will not decline, from the absence of women on the School Committee, under whose care the furtherance of such instruction could best be carried on.

### CHARITY, NOT "CHARITIES"

THE depravity which puts the material in the place of the spiritual has done nearly its worst in the realm of charity. We are required to think and speak of the means by which charitable work is done, as "charities."

Perhaps no one would attempt to defend this use of the word upon philological grounds although it is recognized by lexicographers, perhaps for no better reason than its commonness. But the usage is not only unscientific, it is worse.

It perpetuates misconceptions and confusion of ideas, to remove which we are expending time and effort.

It is untruthful. Soup is not charity.

A kitchen is not charity. Why should a soup-kitchen be called "a charity?"

It is a kind of profanity. Charity, no less than truth and honor, is sacred.

Doubtless the orator of the annual meeting will go on trying to please his auditors by saying "this noble charity" as a euphonism for "this soup-kitchen" and the reporter will continue to garnish his paragraphs with irreverent play upon the word charity. But we who accept the principles of the Charity Organization movement should be loyal to our cause. The expurgation of our vocabulary should be effected without delay.



## THE STORY OF A LITTLE MATCH-SELLER.

BY MARY G. LODGE.

"I DON'T want your matches, little girl, but here is some money for you!"

I heard these familiar words the other day, one of the coldest days of the winter, as I was standing in Temple Place, waiting for a West End horse-car. I looked at the speaker, but I knew pretty well before I looked, the sort of person I should find. It was a woman, a lady, with a good-natured face and a bountiful person: well-dressed, comfortable, well-to-do. An average human being, of the kind one meets hundreds of, every day.

I had still less need to look at the child whom she had addressed, to be certain of her identity, yet, there she was, the inevitable—so well-known, she and her brothers and sisters and mates, to all who pass through Temple Place, or Winter Street, or Music Hall Place, or across the Common—scantily dressed, shivering with cold, whining with the conventional trained whine which one feels cannot come but of long practice, at home and abroad, there she was, holding pencils and matches and buttons in her frozen fingers, but stopping the whine and the begging as soon as she saw and recognized me. "Oh Mary!" I said, "I am so grieved to find you here again! I thought"—but she did n't stop to hear what I thought, and slipping in and out of the crowd like a little eel, she was out of sight in a moment. Then I turned to the lady, who was looking at me rather reproachfully, and she said, "Why did you speak to that little girl? Do you know her?" "Yes," I said, "I know her well, her and her father and mother and brothers and sisters, and a crew of other children just like them. Shall I tell you what I know?" Just then my horse-car came

along, and I found that the lady was going to take the same, so we got in, and I went on with my story. I told her how the father of that child was a Jew, belonging to the Hebrew church; how he could make money enough to support his family well when he chose to work; how he preferred rather to send his children out to beg; how he took off the warm clothes which they wore to school, (for they all go to school the twenty weeks required by law,) and put on to them the rags in which he sent them shivering out into the streets. I told her that any Saturday evening these children (and others belonging to congenial parents) might be seen in front of the Music Hall, when the audiences were coming away from the symphony concerts, in the rain and snow and sleet and wind, singing their piteous chant of cold and hunger, and begging the kind people, like herself, to buy the wares, which, like herself, they did not want. I told her that often at midnight these same little creatures could be met on the Common, the tears frozen on their cheeks, beseeching the late passers-by to take their pencils, or they should be whipped when they got home. And yet, at home, they were well-fed and warmed and clothed, and as far as any of us could find out, not ill-treated. And when one of the fathers had been pleaded with and finally threatened, after promising and prevaricating and lying, he at last got angry, and said the children belonged to him, and he should do as he pleased with them, and he pleased to bring them up "to learn business ways." "It is very dreadful," said the lady, who had listened patiently, and I saw tears in her eyes. "Do you really think it is dreadful?" I

WOR. 1. "I supposed you approved of it, as you help to bring it about." "I!" said the poor lady in horror, "I help to bring it about! Why, what do you mean? You would not have me refuse ten cents to that freezing child, such a day as to-day, would you, when that very ten cents, as you yourself have shown me, may save her from a beating!" "But suppose neither you nor any one else," I replied, "had ever given those children any money, do you think the fathers would long continue to send them on an unremunerative quest? Suppose from this moment every man and woman in Boston refused to give one cent to them, how much longer do you think they would be sent into the streets, day or night? For I began by assuring you from positive knowledge that if that man chooses, he can earn good wages, and take excellent care of his family, instead of which he sits at home with his pipe in his mouth, and his feet on the mantel-piece, and sends his children out to meet you, who choose that this shall be so!"

The lady looked impressed, and distressed, and I own I thought her very amiable not to be offended with my outspokenness. "I will never give another penny to one of those children," she said earnestly. "And I will tell people. Thank you." And she got out of the car. I am not so sure. I don't know that I entirely trust her. When a pitiful voice sounds in her ear, the next cold day, and

trembling little fingers hold out the pencils and matches, I am not so sure that she is sufficiently reconstructed to deny herself the easy pleasure of giving a dime. But she shall have the benefit of my doubt.

Meantime we must not let so grave a matter depend upon the weakness or caprice of unthoughtful individuals. There have already been two hearings at the State House on this subject, and some members of the Associated Charities, and members of the Hebrew Benevolent Society, (who, be it said, are as anxious as any one to have this wrong made right,) and Mr. Fay, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, have borne witness to what they knew of these and similar cases; and it has been found that the law, as it now stands, is insufficient to cover such cases of children peddling without licenses, and, moreover, that they do not come under the "cruelty" or even the "neglect" laws. So we have petitioned for an amendment by which the parents shall be held responsible, and punished accordingly. And so my kind-hearted, if unconverted friend, will have the responsibility taken from her own shoulders, let us hope, and put where it belongs, on the broad, lazy shoulders of the selfish, avaricious parents, who will then be obliged to teach their children some other mode of learning "business ways."

For that good time let us pray!

THE Old Charity seeks to avoid seeing or remembering distressing objects. It gives, in order that it may get the poor off its mind, that it may efface the recollection of a haggard face, a squalid form, a pleading voice. Recently, a most estimable lady said to me, "I was coming out of the Academy, and an old woman stretched out her lean hand for help. I

gave her something; I could not have slept all night if I had not; I should have been haunted by her face."

It is hard to blame the feeling; if we may borrow from Mr. Weller, "'After all, my lord, it is an amiable weakness,' as the lawyer said about the man who beat his wife with a poker;" but it certainly is a weakness.

## OLD AND NEW.

BY MRS. H. H. ROBINSON.

[This is the name of a women's club in Malden, Massachusetts, which has been at work for eight years. The address of the President, Mrs. H. H. Robinson, at the annual meeting, contains so many suggestions of value to similar clubs all over the country, that we have great pleasure in printing it.]

"She hath done what she could." The leading principle on which "Old and New" is founded, is the belief that all persons have within them the germs of some latent talent which only needs cultivation in order to bear fruit. Our club stands for the development of the individual, and its main intent and purpose is, to draw its members out and encourage them to speak the thought that is in them. In order to carry out these ideas, it was found that a more democratic club platform was necessary than is usually adopted by women's clubs and organizations.

*First:* There must be perfect equality, so that each member might feel that she stood by the side of every other member, however she might differ in many respects, and whatever might be her opinion of her own mental qualifications.

*Second:* There must be rotation in office so that each one might take her turn in attending to details of work, and thus feel the responsibility of the success of the meetings.

*Third:* The members must learn to write papers and also to discuss the subjects presented to them, and in this way teach themselves, if necessary, that their daily work and the numerous cares of the house-mother were not all of life, but that by educating themselves "on all sides" (as some one has said) they would be the better fitted for the duties in the

lines given to them to lead. Our increasing success and influence as a club has proved the wisdom of our principles. If we had been narrow in our aims, acting on the idea that a few must be the teachers, and all the rest listeners and *absorbers* merely, we could not have accomplished the good work of which it will be my pleasure to speak. Or, if we had thought only of our literary or social success, we could not so unselfishly have helped either ourselves or others.

Our form of government has been of great benefit in the line of progress. We are, perhaps, the first modern club of women to adopt the plan of having the business wholly transacted by its members. In the beginning, we had not adopted this truly democratic idea, and it seemed at one time in the life of the club, as if the wisdom of such an innovation might well be doubted. But the result has proved that, in clubs as in town and national affairs, the "people are to be trusted," and that when matters which concern their interests are fully known and freely discussed, the result of their action is sure to be right, because the majority of people are fair-minded. We have great reason to rejoice in any trials we may have been called on to meet, since it has taught us that we can face them with joined hands and in a noble spirit, and that, in spite of difference of opinion, we can work together for the common good. Our club has not lived in vain, if it has proved that over thirty strong individualities can work harmoniously together. This is, perhaps, harder for women than it is for men, since we are queens in our own realm of home, but are deposed for the time being, when we meet on the common plane of club life

and independent discussion. But we have learned, as other deposed queens have also been obliged to learn, that we must bear opposition, criticism and even defeat with equanimity. Our eight years of club life have proved the wisdom of our attempt toward the development of the individual. When we began, we were very weak so far as any particular talent was concerned. Very few of us knew that we could either write, say or do anything of interest or value, either to ourselves or any one else. But we have inspired each other, until today our club is capable of making itself heard and its work acceptable, not only at home but also among the world of women. For instance, our free discussion of the papers and essays is much commended, and we are told by speakers who come from abroad, that few clubs follow our plan of appointing members each week whose duty it is to open the discussion, and (they also tell us) they are surprised at our readiness in debate. This fashion of obliging, as it were, each member to take part and thus insure the success of our meetings, is certainly to be commended. It has taught many of us, who once trembled with fear at the idea of speaking in public, to think on our feet, and our talent in this direction has so far developed, that now there is hardly a member who is not willing to add something to the discussion. And some of us are greatly encouraged and held up (on our feet) when we are called on to speak before larger audiences, by the sustaining thought, "I do not care for 'Old and New,' and why should I fear this audience? They are but a larger 'Old and New,' my friends and co-workers." This is certainly true for, is not the whole world, after all, only a larger club of many differing personalities, and if we can speak well here, we need not fear to speak in other places.

We have many words of encouragement from those who visit us, as well as from those who understand our plan of work. One lady who belongs to several women's

clubs and organizations, tells her friends that the others are all enjoyable, but that "Old and New" is *the* club to belong to, if one desires self-improvement rather than to be a silent listener to the speeches and essays of others.

Our rule that a certain number of members must be invited each year to give original papers before the club, has helped us greatly. It has given encouragement, even inspiration, to many, to write and also to read in public what they have written. The result is, that where once we could find hardly a member who was willing to do this, now we have only to ask for a paper, and it is usually forthcoming. And we often think and say that these papers are quite on a par with those given by essayists who are better known. This opinion is not wholly due to our friendly feeling for each other, but is borne out by the fact that our members are often invited to read the same productions before other clubs or audiences, who quite concur with us in our opinion of their merits.

Our idea of rotation in office has had good results. Many of us by holding office in "Old and New" have prepared ourselves, in a way, to take part in the management of larger organizations. A good officer in a small club is capable of being a good officer in the same line, wherever she (or he) may be placed. Our aim is to learn to do the business *well*, which is the correct principle of all organizations. If I can make one good button-hole, I can make a thousand good ones, on all sorts of garments. And so, if your President can learn to preside well, to "preserve decorum and order" (her first duty as laid down in the manual) in "Old and New," she ought to be capable of presiding over larger assemblies.

And if you have a good Recording Secretary, she has made a beginning toward filling the office of Secretary of the Commonwealth. And if you have an honest and exact treasurer, she is more than fitted

to be appointed comptroller of the public fund, etc. Our Writing Group, which has been in active working order for nearly six years and is continued all through the year, has been a great means of developing our writing and also our critical talent. It is the custom for each member in turn, to criticise whatever is read, in a candid and friendly spirit. At first, this was rather difficult to do, and full as hard to bear, for it was not easy to leave the author's personality out of the question, and view the articles offered, on their merits alone. But we are now bravely over this author's sensitiveness, as it may be called. We have learned not only to criticise unflinchingly, but we have also learned to bear even the most severe and adverse criticism with a philosophic spirit. One of the Group keeps a scrap-book, in which are pasted all the articles written by members, that are afterwards printed. The Melrose Woman's Club has recently formed a Writing Group modelled on our plan.

I have spoken thus far of our private work. The public work of some of our members is so well known that I need not speak of it here. And yet, I cannot forbear the mention of two instances of very recent occurrence, whose results may be very valuable to women. One is the Class for the study of Politics formed last winter in Boston. This class has been very successful. It numbers between thirty and forty women, and has already studied and discussed The Constitution of the United States, The Civil Service Law, and a few sections of Parliamentary Law. Professor W. P. Atkinson, in his recent lecture before the Young Men's Christian Union in Boston, on "The Study of Politics the Duty of Both Sexes," mentioned the fact that there is such a class of women in Boston, and added, "The political history and the politics of the time in which she lives is a part of the education of every woman, and by them should be studied."

It may be said that the president of

this class and one of its members are of "Old and New." The other instance spoken of seems to fully illustrate my text, "She hath done what she could," and I tell it, not to extol what our members do, but to emphasize the point, that, no matter how small the opinion any one of us may have of her own qualifications, she may yet be capable of exerting an influence either for good or evil, which cannot be overestimated. When I hear any one say, "Oh! I cannot do anything, I don't amount to anything," I feel like answering, (as you will bear me witness that I sometimes do,) "Oh yes, you can. You don't know what you can do, until you try. Do try!" etc. But to my illustration. One of our members who has but a small opinion of herself, and who recently said to me that she felt that she did not do much for the club, and therefore, perhaps ought not to belong, has been the unconscious instrument in giving the impetus to a great agitation. She set the ball rolling, to which another member gave her push, and still others their help, until now, no one knows where it will stop. Certainly not, we hope, until it crushes the great wrong which has been so long legalized in the statute book of our own, and of other States. The member spoken of, who had hitherto held no office, consented to serve on a committee of the club. This committee invited a well-known temperance speaker to address the club, and out of this grew an interchange of courtesies between "Old and New" and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which I will not enlarge on here. It is enough to say that our member had previously suggested to your President the idea of inviting the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to hear their speaker, and in consequence of all this, some of our members attended their monthly meeting and two joined their association. And now comes the real action which the suggestion of our member led up to. One

day, Mrs. H. R. Shattuck, one of the secretaries of "Old and New" was passing the house of the President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, (in Malden,) Mrs. P. S. J. Talbot, who called to her and begged her in a very earnest manner to come in. She did so, and the lady told her of the infamous law, and that there was an attempt making to repeal it. They both became very much interested over it, and began to think what could be done to help. It chanced—if anything ever chances—that the Annual Convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association of Massachusetts was to open its session that afternoon and evening in Boston, and, to be brief, these ladies put their heads together and concocted a resolution that was presented and passed at this convention by over three hundred people. This resolution, signed by Mrs. H. R. Shattuck, President of the N. W. S. A. of Massachusetts and Miss E. S. Tobey, President of the W. C. T. U. of Massachusetts, was afterwards embodied in an appeal, addressed to the women and mothers, and sent all over the State, to newspapers, individuals and women's organizations. And now, (in less than two weeks,) public attention is so much aroused at this infamous law, called the "age of consent," that it is difficult to foretell what the end will be. Perhaps it will end in the emancipation of the women of the State, since, if the law is not changed or made what it should be, at the urgent solicitation of so many good women, it may teach those who now think that men can the better make laws to protect them and their children, that they must themselves have a hand in making all such laws. The agitation in this State on this disgraceful law was no doubt coming, since it is moving in other States and in many countries. But it would not have come at this particular time and might not have been joined in "Old and New," if this one member had not done her part of its committee work, and had

not suggested an interchange of courtesy between the two clubs. The incident shows how much one or two persons can do, by moving at the right time, towards helping along a great agitation, and also from what small beginnings the source of good may rise, and evil too, for that matter. I will not dwell on this point, but ask you to think at your leisure on what the effect would be, if the agitation spoken of had been for evil instead of for the good of the community.

I like to trace the origin of an event. From what an obscure and unexpected source it sometimes comes! True history can never be written until historians learn to trace the work of men and of nations to their original starting point. Great battles are not fought on the battlefield alone. They are first fought, and won—in the minds of those who may live scattered far and wide apart. It is the spirit of Liberty that conquers, long before the soldier points the gun. And so we can trace the progress of an opinion or an idea, but it is hard to find the beginning. Sometimes it seems to me as if thoughts or ideas were forever floating in the air, like the seeds of plant life, waiting their chance to find some minds ready to receive them.

Oftentimes, a hitherto unknown person is the one chosen to be the first to promulgate a new thought. This is encouraging, for if my theory is correct, fresh thoughts are just as likely to come to some of us, as to any one else! No person, however educated and famous can, on that account, lure an original thought. Such an one cannot say, "Go to! I will write a great poem, I will move the world with my idea," unless he has a receptive mind and the spirit of what he would write is already there. And so must we have receptive minds, that according to our capabilities we may gather and utilize a few elevating thoughts. Though our dish may be small, we can have it always right side up! Some persons have the theory that no word that is spoken is ever



lost, but that it floats on and on, through endless space. Is it not the same with deeds, which are but acted words? And do not their influences, their consequences, also live long after the doer is forgotten? If this is so, should we not, each member of the club, strive for good and noble ends? Should we not by word and deed try to help ourselves so that through this very self help, we may become the better fitted to help others, and thus make "Old and New" an instrument of good? By so doing, only, can we emphasize and illustrate our foundation principles.

One of the writers in our original annual magazine, spoke of the subtle aroma of flowers and perfumes, and of the spiritual aura or photosphere which each individual carries about, and which sends forth an influence either for good or evil. If this is true, and who can doubt it, is it not much more true that numbers of persons gathered together for a good or a bad purpose can have a lasting influence over the community in which they live?

If our club is actuated by a sincere de-

sire not only to do, but to *be* good, then will it have an aura all its own, a pure essence that will live and permeate the atmosphere long after the body of which it was once a part, is disintegrated or forgotten.

And when our beloved club shall be among the things that were,—for clubs no more than people live forever, and the needs that called it into being will not always exist,—it will pass silently down the stream of time. But if it stands for anything of value to men and women, its influence will not pass.

It will linger in the atmosphere to which it has added its spiritual breath. It will be found hidden in the pages of its original magazine, its records and its scrap-books. And when these are done with, and find a place on the dusty shelves of some public library, those who search within their faded leaves will detect the fine aroma that will reveal to what species "Old and New" really belonged; and this, perhaps, will help preserve its memory from oblivion.

## A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

BY A COLLEGE STUDENT.

It's rather hard in one of our larger American colleges to avoid drinking entirely, or perhaps it's fairer to say that it is particularly easy to drink a little. And everybody knows that, where once the habit of drinking a little every day is well established, it is a matter of no great difficulty to increase one's allowance day by day, perhaps gradually, perhaps by a series of leaps which land one very shortly in a fixed habit of drinking a good deal too much. I've seen it happen many a time.

The college is not the one to blame for

this. It occurs among the sets of young business men in every town. But I fancy it occurs rather more frequently in a college and especially in a large one. The men are thrown together from morning till next morning, there is ample opportunity, and consequently there is much drinking.

And here let me state the other side once for all. For of course such a side exists or the scandal and shame would be too great. I think I am not far wrong in saying that the majority of college men are for one reason or another total ab-

stainers, that a majority of the rest very rarely drink anything and never drink too much, and that it is less than a quarter who drink habitually and often too much. But this quarter is a considerable number. At Harvard for instance it is over two hundred probably. And of this minority I speak now. Of the large majority of practical total abstainers for whatever cause, and causes are many, I have nothing to say for they can take care of themselves. Some men, there are scores of them at a large college, give up absolutely the use of liquors and tobacco, simply and only, that they may have a healthy and well-ordered machine perfectly under their control with which to beat the record at an athletic game. For the time that they are in training they are total abstainers. Very many of them are in training all the time. There is another class, far larger, who come to college to study, and who, recognizing the necessity of having a clear head at all times and of giving no time to so unremunerative an occupation as drinking, spend no time at all at the bars. Others refrain entirely from principle. Others because they are paid to. Others because it does not naturally occur to them to do otherwise. Others for other reasons. And all these, as I have said, when you put them with those (comparatively few) who very occasionally take a drink and never have taken too much, make up rather more than three-fifths of the college world. The other quarter, say, is our game now, made up of men who sometimes drink and sometimes too much, of men who drink more or less regularly and get drunk not unfrequently, and those who drink all the time and are seldom quite sober.

They had when I was at college a Total Abstinence Society which was rather busy for a time. It was made on the principle that a man could join at any time and leave at any time. They used to say that it would not be a bad plan to place the list of members at the door of Adams's

(the barkeeper's) so that a fellow could strike his name from the list when he went in and add it thereto when he came out. This was of course only a joke but it showed one of the difficulties. No one wanted to join if he could resign at once and very few men did. The Society was not a great success, as I recollect.

They did one good thing however that I recollect well. They had lectures in one of the big recitation rooms by well-known men, not necessarily men well-known as temperance lecturers (preferably not) but men well-known and respected by the students, who saw the good of total abstinence and who were willing and able to say what it was. I never went to more than one of them but that one was a very good one indeed. They had one night a physiological lecture to show the effect of alcohol on the system. One man fainted and had to be carried out. They had another which, as I heard of it, seemed to be a sort of religious lecture. The one I heard was I think the best of the lot. It made a lot of talk among the fellows. There were two speakers, both well-known to young men and both influential with them. One man showed by statistics the harm that intemperance did and urged us to be total abstainers to avoid it. The other took his subject right up. He said that total abstinence was necessary; for that the use of liquor in the slightest degree *tended* toward intemperance, that intemperance was responsible for a good deal of the trouble that existed in the world to-day and that therefore it was the duty of college men in particular as being future leaders of society to abstain entirely, if merely as an example to those who could not avoid intemperance in any other way than total abstinence. It was the doctrine of *Noblesse Oblige*. "You can every one of you here," remarked the speaker, "indulge in wine temperately and never commit an excess" (he was wrong in this). "But others cannot do so. It is your duty to them to give up something from your

rights to help these who are not as strong as you are." I take this to be the best doctrine I ever heard of in the matter. It had an interesting application on two or three men whom I knew.

There was a man named Dan Cummings, a Freshman, whom I thought rather under my charge at that time. He was a lovable fellow, with a great charm of manner, an easy disposition, no principles worth considering, a good deal of money, a love of pleasure and a dislike of study, a very common type. He had been at college about seven months at this time and I was getting concerned about him. At first he didn't smoke at all and drank very little. He began smoking gradually and increased his allowance in drink, if allowance be a good expression, in fact he drank all he wanted to. He kept pretty straight till Christmas and then for the first time drank too much. That sobered him for about a week or so but in the winter term he went at it again and this time he really went much too far. He was fond of the fellows, fond of the theatre, of billiards, of cards and all that, and I suppose there were weeks in the winter when he had to be carried to bed every night. I got a good deal concerned about him for he couldn't stand it. His health wasn't strong, he would break down. He could not study if he drank, and would be dropped. And it was about five to one that he would get into some scrape and be expelled. In the meantime he spent about three times his allowance and got into frightful rows with his father.

He wasn't exactly any concern of mine, though our families knew each other, but he had seemed rather fond of me, liked to be in my room and with me, and on the whole rather looked up to me. I was then a Senior and couldn't be about very much with the Freshmen, but I saw quite a little of him and used what influence I had to get him to pull up and keep straight. I was no saint myself. I smoked more than was good for me and drank

about as much as conduces to good health. But I knew I could stand it and it didn't trouble me, so I looked out for Cummings. I tried lots of experiments. I would swear off drinking with him, till he gently objected that it wasn't quite fair for I didn't care so much about it as he did. Then I knocked off drinking and smoking while he knocked off drinking. I got one of the girls to stop his smoking, which she did for about three weeks by certain feminine arts of which I am ignorant. I tried by all kind of ways to get him to stop drinking while he studied for the New Year examinations. I tried to get him to go about with the steadiest fellows in the class, and did manage to get him into a club-table where several of the leading men of the class sat and where the public opinion was against very much "batting." But I grieve to say that none of these methods seemed very effectual. There wasn't much use in getting him to promise to knock off, for he didn't keep his word, and this troubled him so that finally he wouldn't give it. And as for smoking he unfortunately transferred his allegiance during the winter to another girl who not only allowed him to smoke but didn't mind smoking a cigarette with him herself when an opportunity presented itself. And though Dan used to go round a good deal with the best fellows in his class, he seemed to find lots of time to go round with the very fastest. I was rather in despair about him and he at odd moments felt very badly himself, for, though he hadn't got what I should call very strong principles, he had plenty of right feeling and sense enough to see that he was a fool. But I was feeling that I couldn't do much for him. He accomplished one good thing. He made me very careful about myself. Not that I signed a pledge never to drink anything nor even gave up drinking entirely but I was mighty careful not to drink too much, and having a fair amount of self-control I didn't take too much once after I knew

Dan Cummings. There was some good in that.

Cummings was the man who fainted at the physiological lecture on temperance. The man was showing the fellows pictures of the way the inside of a man's stomach looked when he was drunk, and his brain, and his eyes and so on. And he enlarged so upon these unpleasant topics that Dan fainted and had to be taken out. He didn't drink for about a week after that and when he did begin again he drank more sparingly.

This lecture on the example of total abstinence came some time later in the term. It had the curious effect of turning Cummings into an apostle for Total Abstinence. His father was a large manufacturer (so was mine) and we both had in prospect the direction of a large number of men. The first person that Cummings began to talk to on the matter was myself. He told me that I was going right from college into the factory and that if I didn't go there as a man who never touched a drop, I shouldn't do my duty by the men whom I was to employ in later life. He pressed this point very rigorously, entirely waiving the question of his own habits. I was much displeased at the lecture and at Cummings's application of it to myself. It came perfectly pat. I drank a little and *knew* that I should not drink too much. But I couldn't deny that my not drinking at all would

have a better effect among my future workmen than would my temperance. At the same time I didn't want to knock off. But that's neither here nor there. The point is about Cummings. I think the man who delivered that lecture was the saving of the fellow. He had got sick to death of trying to keep himself straight. He had been working (as I had been working too) till he was perfectly disgusted with himself and me, too, to save *him* from drunkenness. It hadn't occurred to him that it mattered one jot to any other person in this world (except his father and mother, who don't count much in such calculations unfortunately) so much as it did to him, whether he did or did not drink. The idea that it made little difference as far as he was concerned, but that the real importance about his conduct lay in the influence it had on others was a very strong incentive, was, in fact, the making of a very good man out of what might easily have turned out something very different.

Of course, unfortunately, I cannot end by saying that he and I gave up forever drinking anything. We did as a matter of fact, however, mend our ways very decidedly. But Dan would have got enough good out of the matter had it done nothing more than impress on him the idea that he had something to do in this world beside looking after himself. He didn't have many fixed principles: this gave him one.

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THE Brooks run to the Rivers. They again  
Meet with a thousand others in the Sea  
To do a thousand deeds of usefulness,  
For which each one alone would powerless be.

The Mountain Lakes pent up between the hills  
Take the Spring's bubbling waters for their own,  
And do no more; forever they remain  
Beautiful, inaccessible,—alone.

## COMFORT IN SUMMER.

THE object of this paper is to suggest to nurses in hospitals, and to others who have charge of the sick, one essential detail of duty, which is apt to be neglected in a certain despair.

The old Spanish boxes of Guava jelly bore on them an inscription in villainous English, which explained how good the jelly was for the sick, and then added, "The same will not injure the well."

This may be said of this paper, for its object is to free the wards of every hospital from flies in summer. The treatment and system by which this is done are essential for the sick, and the same will not injure the well.

Our housekeepers have been fighting flies for centuries, and have, alas! too often despaired of success in the great encounter. Forces which should have been their allies, have been arrayed against them. Gross errors in natural history have paralyzed them. And it is only lately that the science and ingenuity both of studious and of inventive men have taken their side. Within a few years, however, the tide is turned, and it is now possible, though not easy, to free a bedroom from these pests of life, and to leave a patient for an hour's nap, sure that he shall not be distressed by one of these servants of Beëlzebub before one returns.

1.

1. Those of us who had the experience of the temporary army hospitals built of new, green timber, with a plenty of light and the simplest ventilation, learnt some lessons there which we do not forget in the more prison-like buildings which civilized life contrives for hospitals, where the high cost of land, the vanity of architects, and the superstition of the Dark Ages combine to make life difficult and death easy. This combination makes insect life abundant, and the exemption from it rare.

2. But, in truth, the domestic fly, so called, is probably an exotic in the Northern States of North America. The conditions of climate tell severely against him. If he had not been protected and maintained in existence by a hundred arrangements of civilization, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find specimens even for the museums. Hence the scientific name, *musca domestica*, the domestic fly, which indicates that this destructive and disagreeable animal is simply an appendage of life in houses. When the microphone, the ingenious instrument for magnifying sound, was exhibited in the famous Old South Meeting House in Boston, though in the middle of summer, it was found impossible to catch a single fly in that large building for that curious experiment which shows the sound of a fly's step as he walks across a sheet of paper. It proved necessary to send to the neighboring hotels, which had a plenty in their fly-traps, which they were only too glad to spare. This exemption of the meeting-house was due to the fact that it was occupied only as a museum and that there was nothing for them to eat there and nothing for them to drink. A fly cannot sustain active life without drink more than a man. If you do not give him his drink he must go and find it where it is.

3. If then, for forty-eight hours, you can keep every drop of liquid from a room, the flies in it will leave it. But the prohibition is absolute. A drop of dew on a rose leaf, still more the congealed breath on a window-pane, gives quite as much fluid as the thirsty little fly will ask for. But a good housekeeper will remember this rule so as never to leave a pitcher of water uncovered in a room which she wishes to enjoy a nap in, or in which she means to place a guest. And she will carefully cover any other cup, mug, glass, or other vessel which contains liquids.

4. Observe, next, that the fly is a trop-

ical insect, dislikes cold, and cannot bear it long. For the same reason, probably, he is disconcerted, even on a very warm day, by a draught of air. Dr. Franklin, you will remember, proved that a man might be killed, as if frozen to death, by a swift draught of air, even if the temperature of one hundred Fahrenheit. For practical purposes, the fly knows this as well as Dr. Franklin did. So soon as your patient leaves a room, open the windows enough to start all the draughts possible. Have paper weights in abundance to keep books, handkerchiefs or all other movables in place, that no one may have an excuse for closing the windows.

5. The old New England housekeeper supposes that flies dislike darkness, and the old treatment of summer rooms is to keep them dark when they are not occupied by men, women or children. But I think this is an error. The fly, in darkness, simply recedes into his dens and caves and holes of the earth. So soon as the light comes he is out again, seeking his prey.

6. It may be observed also, that the apparent reason why he annoys your patient as he does, in the early morning, when no one else is awake or wants to be, is, simply, that he has been chilled at night, and now seeks the warmth of the pillow or the cheek. He is not at that moment seeking food. If you have been careless enough to permit any flies to sleep in the room with your patient, you can draw them to another corner, by lighting one or two kerosene lamps, with such an arrangement, for instance, as every oil stove gives.

## II.

1. This by the way. You should not have had any fly in the bedroom. Nor would you, if the whole house had been kept in proper condition. If the establishment is large, the superintendent, if intelligent, will certainly detail a competent person, early in the spring, to the spec-

ial business of keeping out the flies, and seeing that no more are hatched. If you are in a private house, read this article to the housekeeper, and concert with her thorough measures, taking pains to interest and instruct the servants.

What you want, is to do your work in April and May so thoroughly, that in August and September you shall have no flies to contend with. This is quite possible, if you devote persistent thought and care to this detail. But it must be persistent care. The wild raids made by negligent housekeepers early in September, on the armies which have grown up on account of their own carelessness in April and May, are of no real use. They are merely the struggles of a defeated foe, exasperated. It is far more neat, more humane, and more effective to send round a servant early every morning, in the spring, when the flies seek the sunny window-panes in each room, and with a wet cloth, kill them then and there. In an hour, a neat and prompt maid will go thus to every window in a large house, and in a month, she will have killed almost all the ancestors, in *posse*, of the flies who would else be tormenting your patients when "fly-time" shall come. For that house, there need be no "fly-time."

2. This is not a business to be assigned to thoughtless children. It is carried through in the interests of pure humanity, and should be done once for all. If you can shut up a room or a suite of rooms, after the spring warmth calls out torpid flies from their hiding places to the windows, if you make sure that there is no moisture in the rooms, they will die on the panes for want of drink. But it seems to me much more humane to kill them.

3. If you will remember that each of these large, torpid flies who emerges from the crypt behind a window-sash, or the dust heap in the back of a book-case, may lay two thousand eggs, that in less than six weeks these eggs may represent two thousand flies, you see the importance to your



patients of putting him out of the way now. The late Mr. Cobalt used to say that the fly spared by a careless housemaid in March laid two thousand eggs, which were flies in the end of a month, say by the last of April. He would say that if each of them laid as many eggs, you thus accounted for  $2000 \times 2000 = 4,000,000$  at the end of May. Then he said that if each of the four million laid two thousand eggs, and all of these eggs brought flies to maturity, you had eight thousand million flies in your house in the middle or end of July, for whose birth you became responsible the day you spared that one fly in March.

The statement was exaggerated, like most of the one-sided statements of the scientific men. It may be doubted if the number of 2000 eggs is often laid by one fly. Six hundred, the smallest number which has ever been assigned by observers, is probably nearer the number which are hatched in fact. Many of the flies hatched do not come to maturity. As to the period of their growth, the authorities differ. If, however, we discount Mr. Cobalt's cynical figures, and limit the reproduction from each fly to 300, with a new brood in activity at the end of each five weeks, the result is bad enough to quicken a humane activity in the spring.

One fly on the	20th of March
is represented by 300 on the	24th of April
and by $300 \times 300 =$	90,000 28th of May
and by $90,000 \times 300 =$	27,000,000 31st of July
and by $27,000,000 \times 300 = 8,100,000,000$	8th of August

This reproduction on these reduced figures is quite enough to account for "fly-time."

4. Never forget, while these spring months pass, that you are to be account-

able to your dispirited patient in September for every fly which annoys him. Do not forget, that is, that we breed our own flies, in our own houses, and that, in a certain sense, if we have them in the dog-days it is because we choose to have them. Strictly speaking, it is because we have not chosen not to have them. We have deferred the battle with them till too late, and we have not used the penny weight of prevention, which is worth a ton of cure.

5. At this point the old house-keeper bridles up and says she never hatched any flies in her house. I wish I could have addressed her early in April, and asked her to take down one or two windows, and see how many torpid fellows all ready to hatch out their brood were lying comfortably behind the weights and the cords. I should like, in June or in July, to go into some pantry closet, and see if nobody has left a bottle without a cork there, because it was "empty." I should like to set that in the sun for a day or two, and let her see the hundreds of young flies for whom her "empty" bottle has provided just the breeding place they wanted. I should like to ask whether in March she bade Delia take down every book in the house, and wipe out the shelf behind, and I should like to tell her what nice sleeping places there are behind Gibbon's Decline and Fall, and even behind The Ring and the Book, if only, as Abraham Lincoln would say, one happens to like to sleep in such places.

The consideration of methods of fighting the fly after he becomes a nuisance, such as traps, poisons and other such contrivances, must be left to another paper.

CONSIDERING the cost of our church edifices in cities,—what railroad men call the plant, necessary in all our enterprises,—it is not economical, it is certainly not Am-

erican, and least of all is it Christian, to use them as little as they are used when a single service on Sunday is our only occupation for them.

### THE DAUGHTER OF A KING.

SHE wears no jewel upon hand or brow,  
No badge by which she may be known of men ;  
But, though she walk in plain attire now,  
She is the daughter of a King ; and when  
Her Father calls her, at His throne to wait,  
She will be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her Father sent her in His land to dwell,  
Giving to her a work that must be done ;  
And since the King loves all His people well,  
Therefore she, too, cares for them, every one.  
And when she stoops to lift from want and sin  
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold,  
While many sink and fail on either hand ;  
She dreads not summer's heat nor winter's cold,  
For both are subject to the King's command ;  
She need not be afraid of anything,—  
Because she is the daughter of a King.

E'en when the angel comes that men call Death,  
And name with terror,—it appals not her ;  
She turns to welcome him with quickened breath  
Thinking, it is the royal messenger.  
Her heart rejoices that her Father calls  
Her back to dwell within His palace walls.

For though the land she dwells in is most fair,  
Set round with streams, a picture in its frame,—  
Yet often in her heart deep longings are  
For that imperial palace whence she came.  
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,  
Because she is the daughter of a King."

## SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

THOUSAND knights well armed for battle  
Hath the Holy Ghost ordained,  
All his pleasure to accomplish,  
All by mighty zeal sustained.

See, their trusty swords are gleaming!  
See their noble banners wave!  
Ah, my child! hast thou seen ever  
Knights like this so true and brave?

HEINE: *The Hartz Journey.*

THERE are many more than one thousand of these knights of the Holy Spirit, and have been ever since the world began. Their names are not so well known in history, for meekness and modesty is as much a part of their rule as are the virtues of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. But no less are they true knights errant than were those other knights militant whose order is now a thing of the past and whose chivalry is to-day nothing but a tale of romance or a recollection of an enthusiasm.

But these knights errant of the Holy Spirit have increased and will still increase, for their order is built upon foundations which cannot fall asunder with the invention of gunpowder and which will stand long after men have studied war no more.

Of these champions, one of the typical is Saint Francis of Assisi. Brave as Launcelot, pure as Galahad, he roamed through Italy with the love of his brothers and sisters in this world for his only thought. His life is a mixture of truth and legend, all charming, all encouraging, all inspiring as any romance ever written or acted by any of the knights armed in plate and mail who ride through the tales of the Paladins or the Round Table. I know of no other life which so well illustrates that central principle, Love or Charity, save that Life which Saint Francis ever kept before him as a model, as a guide and friend.

To consider a minute just where we stand, at just what point of the world's history. It is in the beginning of the thirteenth century, not in any part of modern life, not even in that transition period, the Renaissance or the Reformation, but in Mediaevalism. Toward the very end of Mediaeval history comes the story of Francis of Assisi, at a moment when the spirit of the Middle Ages culminated in the reign of Innocent III. over the Christian world, but when there were faint indications of a better time coming to which the Renaissance may be called the transition. In the year 1207, when Francis of Assisi was twenty-five years of age, at the beginning of his career, John of England had been on the throne for eight years, and Philip Augustus of France for twenty-seven. Richard the Lion-hearted had been dead eight years. Frederick Barbarossa seventeen, and Godfrey de Bouillon, King of Jerusalem, for one hundred and seven. The Pope was Innocent III. under whom the Papacy was exalted to the very highest pinnacle of temporal power that it ever attained. It was almost a century before Dante, that figure on the threshold of the Renaissance, a century and a half before Petrarch, Boccaccio and Chaucer, and as much before Wiclif, and two centuries before Hus, while the names of Erasmus, Melancthon, Luther and Calvin are written still later.

The beginning of the thirteenth century

was the time of the Albigensian Crusade, of the Poor Men of Lyons, the time of the Great Charter, the time of the Latin Capture of Constantinople, the time of Guelph and Ghibeline. It was before the time of Simon de Montfort in England and before the time of Louis IX. in France or Frederick II. in Sicily. In fine, toward the end of the Middle Ages, the Dark Ages, here and there streaked with some forerunners of the New Light.

But "The Dark Ages" is no name by which to describe the life in Assisi toward the end of the twelfth century. It was gay, joyous, full of life and spirit, full of love for the city and of duty toward the church. The older folks in the Italian cities were busy in taking to themselves the privileges which had belonged to the feudal lords and the nobility, while the young folks enjoyed themselves by the many joys and pleasures that always occur to youth, no less in Italy in 1182 than in America to-day. And of the gay young folks in Assisi none was gayer than Francisco Bernadone.

Born in 1182 of Pietro Bernadone, a well-to-do merchant, the boy, called Giovanni by his mother, was called il Francisco (the Frenchman) by his father, who had been absent on a trading journey in France, when this son, his oldest probably, was born to him. And by his father he was educated as befitted a young man of his position, perhaps a little better, and prepared himself to follow his father's business of roving over Europe for rich cloths and stuffs and selling them at his little shop in the lofty streets of Assisi. And in the meantime, Francisco or Francis enjoyed his life to the utmost with the other young men of the town. He enjoyed all the gayeties and indeed led his companions in their sports. We may imagine this part of his life, if we choose, a species of city idyl made up of the lovely Italian weather, the quaint old town, songs, dances and flowers, youth, friendship and gayety. They roamed around the streets

in the soft nights, singing their songs together, they feasted, they learnt the trade of arms together, they enjoyed what they might of life as they saw it, these young people of Assisi, and in all this gayety, joy and life, Francis Bernadone is one of the foremost figures.

It was a bright, gay, happy life, but it was changed for a better. At the age of twenty-four, Francis and some of his companions riding out to war against the town of Perugia, over opposite, were taken and lodged in prison for a year or more. During this time, Francis changed from a life of happiness to a life whose keynote was to be love, love of God, love of man, of all nature. Courteous, kind, and pleasant as he had ever been to all about him in his business and in his play, his life was now to change to one where this central idea of Love should overshadow all else, so far even that self was to be abolished and the whole of life was love of God and his creation.

But not all at once was this change. The young man dreamed dreams and saw visions. He saw in a dream a whole armory of weapons marked each one with the cross, and rising in the morning, he armed himself with joy, and rode out to serve his God as a man-at-arms, only to be stopped by the divine command and sent back to his home again. He saw Christ in a vision in the ruins of the Church of San Damiano and received the command to "rebuild this my Church," and forthwith proceeded to the literal fulfilment rather than to the building up of the great Catholic Church of Christ which then, though at the height of worldly power, sorely needed the help that he was afterward to give her. But through many trials and sufferings he was led to his destiny, to the establishment of the great Franciscan order.

And at first with no idea as to the great things he was to do. It was the love of his fellow-men to which he devoted himself. To give all he had to the poor, to

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trust the Lord for himself, never to refuse to give alms if he had anything, to comfort the sick and the prisoners, to preach the gospel, these were his only ideas. And these ideas were such as in that time would make converts. The first convert was Master Bernardo di Tintavallo, a rich, well-known and noble townsman. This man, convinced of the piety and earnestness of his young friend, resolved to join him, (and with the two was one other, Peter of Catania,) so together they sought the will of God both by prayer and by a species of reverent consultation of the Bible as an oracle.

"They took the road and journeyed to the cathedral; and, when they had there heard mass, they remained in prayer until *tierce*, at which time the priest took the missal, at the request of Saint Francis, and, having made the sign of the most holy cross, he opened the book thrice in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. And at the first opening he read the word of Christ to the young man who was of great possessions: 'If thou wouldst be perfect, go, sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor.' And at the second opening he read the word of Christ to the apostles when he sent them forth to preach: 'Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money,' for it was to teach them that they must give up to God all care of their life and turn their whole thoughts on the preaching of the Holy Gospel. And at the third opening he read this word of Christ: 'He who will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' Then Saint Francis said to Bernard, 'This is the counsel which Christ gives to us. Go, then, do as you have heard, and may our Lord Jesus Christ be blessed, who has vouchsafed to show us the way to the angelic life.' So then Bernard returned and sold all that he had; now, he was very rich. Then with great joy, he distributed it all to widows and orphans, to prisoners, monasteries, hospitals and to pilgrims;

and in all this Saint Francis aided him with prudence and faithfulness."

So Bernard was the first to give up everything to join himself to this gentle and loving preacher. But at the same time, Pietro di Catania, one of the clergy of the cathedral at Assisi, joined himself to them and having been with them at the consultation of the Scriptures, he, too, went to sell what he had to give to the poor.

To them next came Egidio of Assisi, already a poor man, who had nothing to give away, but he was received with great joy by the brothers. And so the new order grew. Sabbatini, Morito, a returned crusader, Giovanni di Capella, and Sylvester are the names set down next in the chronicle. So there were eight in the order. It was in the year 1208.

And being so many they went forth to preach the gospel through Italy. Two and two they went, tracing a cross upon the ground, and each pair marching forth on one of the cross-ways.

"Take courage," said Francis, "and shelter yourselves in God. Be not depressed to think how few we are. Be not alarmed either at your own weakness, or at mine. God has revealed to me, that he will diffuse through the earth this our little family, of which he is himself the Father. I would have concealed what I have seen, but love constrains me to impart it to you. I have seen a great multitude coming to us, to wear our dress, to live as we do. I have seen all the roads crowded with men traveling in eager haste toward us. The French are coming. The Spaniards are hastening. The English and the Germans are running. All nations are mingling together. I hear the tread of the numbers who go and come to execute the command of holy obedience." "We seem contemptible and insane. But fear not. Believe that our Saviour, who has overcome the world, will speak effectually in us. If gold should lie in our way, let us value it as the dust be-

neath our feet. We will not, however, condemn or despise the rich who live softly and sumptuously arrayed. God, who is our master, is theirs also. But go and preach repentance for the remission of sins. Faithful men, gentle and full of charity, will receive you and your words with joy. Proud and impious men will condemn and oppose you. Settle it in your hearts to endure all things with meekness and patience. The wise and the noble will soon join themselves to you, and with you will preach to kings, to princes and to nations. Be patient in tribulation, fervent in prayer, fearless in labor, and the kingdom of God which endures forever shall be your reward."

And with this little sermon they went forth to their preaching. This was the real establishment of the Franciscan Order, called by its founder the "Frati Minores," the Lesser Brothers.

The rule of the order was as that of other orders. It consists of the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. But the poverty was to be real poverty, there was to be no property held by individual brother or by the order. Herein it differed from other orders. And in another way did it differ. The Franciscans, as well as the Dominicans and the Jesuits after them, were to be a preaching order. They were to carry the Word of God to every nation and people. They were not to shut themselves up in their monasteries to care for their own salvation. They were to care for the souls of others. For this was the ruling passion of the founder. Saint Francis loved everybody and everything before himself, and his order was to love others more than they did themselves, to preach to others, to work for others and to help others. They were to take no care for themselves, (God would provide,) but to bestow all their care upon their fellow-men. Herein did the Franciscan Order differ from those which had gone before. There were many orders of exemplary piety, rigor and asceti-

cism, but here was one which threw aside care of self and with love for mankind went out into the world to preach the gospel to every creature. This was the purpose of the life of Saint Francis himself, and it was to this end that he destined the order of those who followed him. The institution of the two mendicant orders of preachers, the Dominicans and Franciscans, came at a needed time in the history of the Church, and though they finally fell into great corruption they did the work set for them in creating such a reform within the Church as no other power of their day could have accomplished. It is worth while here to consider what has been said to this point by a well-informed and truly impartial historian.

"So reiterated indeed and so just have been the assaults on the Mendicant Friars, that we usually forget that, till the days of Martin Luther, the Church had never seen so great and effectual a reform as theirs. During nearly two centuries, Francis and his spiritual descendants, chiefly, if not exclusively, directed the two great engines of the Christian warfare, the Mission and the Pulpit. Nothing in the histories of Wesley or of Whitefield can be compared with the enthusiasm which everywhere welcomed them, or with the immediate and visible results of their labors. In an age of oligarchical tyranny they were the protectors of the weak; in an age of ignorance the instructors of mankind; and in an age of profligacy the stern vindicators of the holiness of the sacerdotal character, and the virtues of domestic life. While other religious societies withdrew from the world, they entered, studied and traversed it. They were followed by the wretched, the illiterate and the obscure, through whom from the first, the Church has been chiefly replenished, but not by them only. In every part of Europe, the rich, the powerful and the learned, were found among their proselytes. And even when, by the natural descent of corruption it had fallen into

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well-deserved contumely, the Mission and the Pulpit, and the tradition of the great men by whom it was originally organized and nurtured were sufficient to arrest the progress of decay and to redeem for the Franciscan Order a permanent and a conspicuous station among the 'Princedom, Dominations and Powers,' which hold their appointed rank and their appropriate offices in the great spiritual dynasty of Rome."

But to return to the life of Saint Francis. His companions when they returned from their preaching had made converts, four new brothers, so that there were twelve in all. Francis now proposed that they should journey to Rome that the sanction of the Pope might be gained for the new order. So to Rome, on foot with neither staff nor scrip. And there the plan for the order was presented by these ragged brothers to the great Pope, Leo, the ruler of Europe, as he was walking in one of the gardens of the Lateran. But he sent the ragged ones away. And in consequence he dreamed that night a prophetic dream. He seemed to see a stately palm grow up at his very feet and become a flourishing and stately tree. And across his mind was borne the idea that this tree symbolized the new order. So on the morning Francis and his companions were sent for, they had waited patiently and confidently through the night, and finally the Franciscan Rule was submitted to the Conclave of Cardinals, who finally were wise enough to allow it. So this was the real institution of the order and the Lesser Brothers went back happily to Assisi.

The later history of Saint Francis is in many ways bound up with the history of his order. Yet we shall not go very far out of the way in thinking of them together for both were realizations of the one idea, Charity. And the history of the order will not keep our attention long away from the character of Francis himself, so humble, so gentle and so loving that the story

of his life is as truly an "Imitation of Christ" as is the book of Thomas à Kempis, which says, "But now hath God thus ordained that we may learn to bear one another's burdens, because none is without defect, none without a burden, none sufficient of himself; none wise enough of himself; but it behoveth us to bear with one another, to comfort one another, to help, instruct, admonish one another."

Perhaps it would be better not to proceed historically onward with the history of Francis and the Franciscan Order. We want to fill our minds with an idea of the saint himself. Here is truth mingled with legend, hard to be disentangled and perhaps needless, for from all we get the same idea of infinite love for God and all the works of God, so that true or false it matters little. Hear then how St. Francis converted a very fierce wolf and see whether one cannot get from the legend a true idea of the man.

There was about this time, near the town of Gubbio, a very fierce wolf, so fierce that he terrified all the people of the town as well as all the animals. So nobody dared to venture forth from the city, armed or not, but St. Francis, who went forth, out of compassion for the people, making the sign of the cross. And many of them came to see what would ensue.

When St. Francis came to the wolf, the beast approached him with his jaws wide open to devour him. But when he came near, St. Francis made him the sign of the most holy cross and called to him, saying, "Come here, my brother wolf, I command you for the love of Christ, that thou do no harm to me nor to any other." For St. Francis held all creatures of the good God to be his brothers or his sisters, the beasts and birds as well as the men and women. And he said to the wolf, "Wolf, thou doest much harm in this country, thou doest much wrong, destroying and slay-

ing the creatures of God without his permission; and not only hast thou slain and devoured beasts but thou hast been so bold as to slay men made in the image of God, for which truly you deserve the gallows as a thief and a murderer. The townspeople cry out against thee. But I desire, wolf, to make peace between them and thee, so that thou shalt not further offend and they may pardon thy past offenses." And the wolf, who had lain himself at the feet of the saint, seemed to agree to all this, for he nodded his head and St. Francis continued: "Since it pleases you to conclude and keep this agreement, I promise that everything shall be done for thee that thou mayest need, for I know that it is on account of hunger that thou hast done all this harm. And in return, brother wolf, thou must promise to attack no man nor woman, nor animal. Dost thou promise me this?" And the wolf bowed his head to promise. And St. Francis said, "Brother wolf, pledge me thy word in this that I may trust thee." And he stretched out his hand to the wolf, who gave him his right forepaw to pledge his word. So Saint Francis agreed with the wolf and afterwards he and the wolf went into the city where the agreement was ratified in the presence of all the people, and the wolf again gave his paw to the saint to pledge the agreement with him.

And after that time the wolf dwelt at Gubbio for near two years, entering familiarly into every house, harming nobody and being courteously treated by the townspeople who provided him with food. And no dogs barked at him. And when the wolf came finally to die of old age the inhabitants greatly regretted him, for they loved to see him in the town, on account of the recollections of the virtue and holiness of Saint Francis.

This man loved not only men but all creatures of the Living God, even to the wolf. And they loved him. And the lepers also did Saint Francis love. That

horrible and mysterious disease, brought from Palestine by the crusaders, was fearfully common in Italy at that time, and the treatment of the poor lepers was one of the hardest and earliest tests of Saint Francis' love of man. But here the overflowing sympathy, the pity and the love of the enthusiast found only a freer field for exercise. Francis in his earlier days eagerly attended lepers throughout the country, aiding them in every way that a quick and affectionate care could devise and performing miraculous cures through his readiness to deny himself for these wretched beings. So far from its being a hard test, Francis welcomed it as a glorious opportunity. He loved to have the chance to deny himself, he and his followers as well made self-denial one of the cardinal points in their life. What sense to this? How does Saint Francis, who kisses the wounds of a leper and sprinkles ashes on his food, differ from Saint Simon on his pillar? Only in this, that Francis denies himself that he may have all his strength to love others. Simon remains upon his pillar alone. "It is Charity and not sacrifice that Christ demands of you."

"On a certain morning about the festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, while he was praying on the mountain side, he beheld a seraph, having six wings all on fire and glittering, descend from the height of heaven, and when with exceeding swift flight he had come to a part of the air close to the Man of God, there appeared between his wings the form of one crucified, having the hands and feet stretched out according to the fashion of a cross, and fixed to the cross. Two wings were raised above his head, two were stretched out for flight, and two covered his whole body. And when he saw this he was sore amazed, and mingled joy and sorrow filled his heart. For he rejoiced at the gracious look with which he saw that he was regarded by Christ under the form of the seraph; but the nailing to the cross pierced his soul

with the sword of grief and pity. He marvelled greatly at the sight of a vision so past finding out, knowing that the infirmity of the Passion could in nowise agree with the immortal nature of a seraphic being.

"At length, from it he understood by the revelation of the Lord, that a vision of this kind had, by the foreknowledge of God, been so presented to his sight, that the friend of Christ might know that he, not through martyrdom of the flesh, but by kindling of the spirit, was to be altogether transformed into the likeness of Christ crucified.

"The vision therefore, disappearing, left a wondrous fire in his heart, and a no less wondrous sign imprinted on his flesh. For immediately on his hands and feet there began to appear the marks of nails, just as he had but a little before seen them in the form of the Crucified One." And in his side "as if it had been

pierced by a lance was the mark of a red wound."

This is the old story. Take it as you please, as a truth or as a parable. 'Twill fix in the mind the grand idea of the life of Saint Francis of Assisi. There was nothing in life to this Knight Errant of the Holy Spirit save Christ whom he loved and Christ's world of men and women and lepers, birds, beasts and wolves. And to these his whole life went out, so that he had nothing left with which to trouble about self.

He died in 1226, at forty-four years of age, quietly and peaceably among his friends with the love of his Master in his heart. "Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin. Blessed are they who are found walking by thy most holy will for the second death shall have no power to harm them."

## THE SUPREME COURT ON INDIAN CITIZENSHIP.

BY PROF. C. C. PAINTER.

THE decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Elk vs. Wilkins, rendered November 3, 1884, in regard to Indian Citizenship, is of great interest and importance.

The plaintiff was an Indian, a resident of Omaha, Nebraska, who brought suit against the registrar of one of the wards of that city, to compel him to register him as a qualified voter. The case came up on appeal from the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Nebraska.

The full text of the decision is as follows, Mr. Justice Harlan and Mr. Justice Wood dissenting:

"An Indian, born a member of one of the Indian tribes within the United States, which still exists and is recognized as a tribe by the Government of the United

States, who has voluntarily separated himself from his tribe, and taken up his residence among the white citizens of the State, but who has not been naturalized, or taxed, or recognized as a citizen either by the United States, or by the State, is not a citizen of the United States within the meaning of the first section of the fourteenth article of amendments of the constitution."

"A petition alleging that the plaintiff is an Indian, and was born within the United States, and has severed his tribal relation to the Indian tribes, and fully and completely surrendered himself to the jurisdiction of the United States, and still so continues subject to the jurisdiction of the United States, and is a *bona fide* resident of the State of Nebraska, and city

of Omaha, does not show that he is a citizen of the United States under the fourteenth article of the amendments of the constitution."

The civil rights act of April 9, 1866, provided that "all persons born in the United States, and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, are hereby declared to be citizens of the United States."

The dissenting judges argued that exclusion of Indians not taxed, evinced a purpose to include those who were taxed, and that the averment that the plaintiff is a citizen and *bona fide* resident of Nebraska, implies in law, that he is subject to taxation, and is taxed in that State.

The language of Judge Cooley is also quoted from his edition of Story's Con-

stitution. "When, however, the tribal relations are dissolved, when the headship of the chief, or authority of the tribe is no longer recognized, and the individual Indian, turning his back upon his former mode of life, makes himself a member of the civilized community, the case is wholly altered. He then no longer acknowledges a divided allegiance; he joins himself to the body politic; he gives proof of his purpose to adopt the habits and customs of civilized life, and as his case is then within the terms of this amendment, it would seem that his right to protection in person, property and privileges must be as complete as the allegiance to the government to which he must then be held; as complete, in short, as that of any other native-born inhabitant."

## THE INDIAN EMANCIPATION ACT.

BY T. H. TIBBLES.

EVERY friend of the Indian should understand that we have arrived at a crisis in the history of the race, and that the fate of every tribe hangs wavering in the balance. That Indians have always become degraded, demoralized, and have disappeared as soon as surrounded by whites, is a fact known to all men. The reason of this degradation, demoralization and disappearance from the face of the earth is known to but few. The cause of the results, which all men see and know, I propose to state.

Every Indian tribe has, in its original state, a form of government well adapted to its mode of life, which maintained order, protected life and property and regulated social relations. But this government was based upon a superstition, common to all the North American Indians. Whenever the influence of whites has become potent enough to destroy faith in this superstition, their government goes to pieces, there is no power to control

left, and anarchy, demoralization and death ensue. We destroy their government and put nothing in its place.

One of the common forms of punishment among the tribes was banishment. If an Indian committed a crime of a serious nature, he was called before the council and tried. If found guilty, he was sentenced to banishment for a longer or shorter term, according to the nature of the crime. The terms of the banishment were something like these: He was to go to the place designated, remain there the number of years decreed, and during the time, not taste of any warm food, drink from no running stream, wear a great hood over his head summer and winter and not come within a certain distance of any living person. The Indian would go and fulfill these instructions in the most minute particulars, because he believed that if he violated any one of them, some terrible calamity would befall him.

Now, when, by association with whites,

whether they are agents, missionaries, teachers or surrounding farmers, the Indian has learned that there is nothing in this superstition, that there is no effect without a cause, his form of government goes to pieces, there is no way to punish the guilty, restrain the evil-disposed, or protect the innocent. The result is what we all know.

The teaching of missionaries, the influence of the schools, and contact with the forms of social life of the whites, of necessity destroys the superstition by which their girls and women are protected. An Indian girl is protected by their law as long as she conforms to certain regulations. Among most of the tribes these rules are nearly uniform, but it is impossible to obey them as soon as they mingle with civilized men, and then ruin follows. An Indian girl is never allowed to go anywhere alone, some member of her family must always attend her. She must always turn her face away from a man whom she passes upon the highway. She must hold down her head or conceal her face when a man comes into her dwelling. She must not stand within hearing distance of men engaged in conversation, and many other things of like nature are forbidden. If she violates any of these rules the tribal law gives her no protection. We take these girls and place them in schools. There they are taught to hold up their heads when a man addresses them, to look him in the face and reply to his questions, and they are particularly instructed to practice that which they have been taught, when they return to their tribe. Think for a moment what a position these girls are in when they return home. If they do any of the things which they have been taught in the schools, they become outcasts among their own people. If they conform to the superstitions of their tribe, then it is said that they have gone back to savagery. Mr. Cushing gave a pathetic instance of this among the Zunis, in an address at Dr. Hale's church not long since.

It will be seen that as soon as the superstition, which is the basis of Indian government, is destroyed, there is no power in the tribe to protect life, property or the purity of their women. There has never been but one result. Go look at the feeble remnant of the once powerful Delawares and other tribes in the Indian Territory and see it. Look at the civilized tribes by their side, who early established a government of law, to take the place of the destroyed superstitions, and see a different result.

If the tribes remaining are to disappear as fast as they come in contact with civilization, and they will, just as surely as the same cause will always produce the same effect, then all our mission and educational work will end in naught. What is the fruition of all the mission work which has been done among the Indians during the last two centuries and a half, commencing with Dr. Eliot and never ceasing until the present day? The tribes have disappeared, the mission buildings have been torn down, and "naught" represents the sum total of all the work done before the tribes were moved west of the Mississippi and of much good work done since. It could not have been otherwise under the system pursued by our government, and, unless some very radical change is made, it never will be otherwise.

A crisis has now arisen. A determined effort is being made to change this system. In place of the government of superstition which is wrecked on the billows of advancing civilization, it is proposed to launch a government of law, by making each Indian a citizen of the United States and giving him an allotment of land. In this measure is bound up every hope of the missionary, the educator and the philanthropist. Every organization working for the welfare of the Indians should drop all else and press this measure. The Dawes Severalty Bill accomplishes this purpose. It is the Indian Emancipation Act.

## MY FRIEND THE BOSS.

*A Story.*

BY E. E. HALE.

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### CHAPTER XV.

As the election drew nearer and nearer, I found myself more and more interested in it, although as a stranger I could not interfere much with the various plans which were discussed around me, and would not indeed, if I could. My time never hung heavy. Thanks to my friend the Boss, and to public spirit like his, which I found was a general matter in Tamworth, it was a place where a stranger could live for three weeks, and yet not end those weeks by suicide. The people were hard at work, but were social. After I became acquainted among them I found I could make a visit without exciting the suspicion of the servant-girl who took my card to her mistress. She did not seem to think I came for the parlor clock or the spoons, as they do seem to think in most of the cities to which my vagrant life tempts me. They do not run to club-houses in Tamworth, as in some other places I know. Clubs there are unnumbered, and innumerable. But what with galleries, reading-rooms, libraries, museums, "exchanges of literature," "exchanges of art," and the rest, there are a plenty of "loafing places," if one may use the vernacular. Now a "loafing place" is what a stranger most needs.

There was a good-natured fellow named Sturgeon, if I might use the vernacular again so soon, I should say he was Yankee "clever," who had opened a house of accommodation, which had many imitations. But his was the original "Saint's Rest." That was its name in gold letters over the door. I need hardly say that John Fisher had furnished him the funds for a beginning, but the success of the enterprise had long ago made Sturgeon independent, and he had repaid John. The "Saint's Rest" was just off the Main street, on one of those narrow cross streets which trade avoids, but still central. Any one might go there. So you may to an ordinary hotel, but you are not wanted at a regular hotel, unless you come for a meal. Here, they would give you a cup of coffee or a slice of toast, but that was not what they were for. They were there, and the "Saint's Rest" was open, that you might have a "loafing place." If you had an appointment with a man at eleven, and the clock obstinately announced ten-thirty, you went to the "Saint's Rest," paid ten cents as you entered, and then were free of the lower stories of the house, indeed, of almost all of it. There was a great newspaper room, there was a great room full of novels and magazines. They took seventy-nine copies of the first number of *LEND A HAND*. There were writing-desks, with paper, pens and ink. There were directories and cyclopædias and telegraph blanks. There were long, deep sofas, if a man wanted his nap. There were smoking-rooms. It was in fact a club, where you chose yourself and expelled yourself, and in which there was no assessment after you paid the initiation fee. This fee, as I said, was ten cents. You paid it at the



door, and went in. At the end of an hour, a boy found you and asked you for another ten cents, if you wanted to stay another hour. Practically you never did want to. No one ever wants to stay in such a place more than an hour. But he may want very much to stay in such a place fifteen minutes, when there is no such place at hand.

Sturgeon established the "Saint's Rest" with such success, that six or eight other Sturgeons of different names followed his example. He did a very good business, enlarged his house by adding all the neighboring houses, never rebuilt it, so that it had all the coziness of home house-building, and often, as he told me, he received a thousand people a day there. Now that I recur to it, I suppose the convenience of such places may have been the reason why there were so few other club-houses in Tamworth.

If you think of it, a "club-house" is a hotel kept by a committee of gentlemen who were never trained to the business of hotel-keeping. And its first rules are directed to the question how it can keep out the people who would like to come in.

For John Fisher himself, his comfortable and pretty office at the works was his club-house, and there you might often meet agreeable people not too busy. He left us, as has been said, soon after breakfast every day, and we were then left to our own devices. Not long after the laying of the corner-stone, I found one day that there was no drive in prospect, or other morning plan which gave me an excuse for waiting on Miss Bell's movements or Mrs. Grattan's, and I accordingly started alone to walk down town. I had hardly passed into the street, from the avenue, when Miss Bell overtook me, in the carriage which she always used, and she bade the coachman stop and asked me if she might not take me down.

"Or are you walking for pleasure?" she asked, laughing, as I took my seat gladly, and shut the door.

I told her that I should be glad to take my exercise at some other time. If I had dared I should have said something which would have been absolutely true, as to the pleasure she gave me. But, with this woman, one avoided by instinct all the conventional pretences, and I was therefore, in this case, afraid to tell the truth. I did say that to give the traveller "a lift" seemed to be a work of mercy, which in modern life belongs with feeding the hungry and giving clothes to the naked.

"Which is, as it happens, just what I am starting upon," said she; "and unless you are in a hurry, I shall make you stop at the Diet Kitchen. If you are in a hurry, you must do as the canal-boat people do."

"I must go afoot?" said I.

"Yes. But I will not keep you long." Then she told briefly, of the suffering in a family which the Charity Organization of Tamworth entrusted to her. "I am afraid the battle is fought, though," she said. "All we can do now, is to bind up the wounds and retreat with honor."

I was glad enough to see the Diet Kitchen, a perfectly neat and well-organized bureau, occupying the ground floor of a house on a cross street. The attendants were all ladies, many of whom I had met at John Fisher's music parties, whist parties, or dinner parties. This was the day of weekly service, chosen by these particular people, and I think no single detail of this ministry for the sick was left by them to any hired hands. The gift was Love from the beginning to the end.

Miss Bell took what she wanted for her patient, giving me the chance to carry to the carriage this basket and that can, gave the coachman her direction and we started again. But this time we were to stop at a fruit shop. Just at that season those

Western cities make a display of pomp, crimson, scarlet, topaz, and gold,—of color and glory which cannot be named, such as the gorgeous East with lavish hand cannot surpass, if indeed it can rival. Let the sated traveller, who is tired of picture galleries and has “done” every catalogued museum in the world, stay over a train some day in October that he may see the marvels of the fruit shops of Rochester. Two or three more baskets of late peaches, of early pears, and of grapes in season were put into the carriage and then she said “Birnebaum’s,” and the carriage dived into the canal region of the town. Clearly the coachman knew where he was going.

“And here I must leave you, Mr. Mellen,” said my companion. “Hiram will take you where you wish to go, and come back for me.”

But I begged that I might carry the baskets in. Perhaps I might be of use.

“No one is of use,” she said sadly. “As for poor Birnebaum, he is too weak to see any one whose face he does not know. But you can, of course, bring in the baskets. Stay with your horses, Hiram. Mr. Mellen will come with me.”

And we went in and up the stairs. A two-story house, where the poor people we sought occupied the upper floor. I went with one set of baskets, returned to the carriage for the fruit, and waited at the head of the stairs some minutes for any one to guide me further.

Miss Bell then appeared in tears. “I am sorry to make you wait,” she said. “But it is at the very end. He will not live an hour. I did not suppose all was so nearly over. And his poor wife—and his mother—”

She sat on the window-seat, in the narrow entry way, silent for a moment, and I saw that she was a little puzzled. Once more I said, “Can I not do anything, go anywhere?”

“Thank you,” she said in a half unconscious way, and then roused herself. “Yes, if you will. I was going to ask John to send me a messenger boy. But,—but,—if you will, Mr. Mellen—” and without finishing her sentence she wrote on a leaf of her diary, tore out the page, and folded it in an envelope which she carried with her. She addressed this in pencil and gave it to me.

I did not look at the letter, but asked her where I should take it.

“He is at the Iroquois Building, the number is 73, you will find it on the note. I would send Hiram but he must drop you at the Avenue. He goes home for Cordelia Grattan. You might say at lunch that we may be here all day. There is everything to do.” And then, with the absent-mindedness of a person wholly engrossed in one affair, she left me almost abruptly, without saying good-bye, and went back into the sick-room.

I knew where the Iroquois Block was, perfectly well. It was a great columbarium of lawyers’ and architects’ and doctors’ offices. I took it for granted that the note she gave me was to some doctor who had been in attendance. I was not likely to forget any word she had spoken to me. I hurried to the place, which was, perhaps, a mile away. I took the elevator up, and bade the boy drop me at 73.

“Third door on the right,” said the boy, after we paused on one flight toward heaven. I came to the door to read on the sign, “George Rossiter.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

LUNCH proved to be an early dinner. And early dinner proved to be a dinner party. We did not have Cordelia Grattan or Miss Bell, as she had warned us. But

we did have a large party of what I must call the literary people of Tamworth, including quite a scattering from the college and the "seminary," and several of the newspaper men. For ladies, we had Mrs. Stetson who edited the children's department of the organ of the Reformed Covenanters; Miss Porter, who was the head of a successful girls' school at Ponceau, the other side of the river; a Miss Flinders, whom no one explained to me, and a German lady who was called the Countess, as I observed, when we spoke behind her back, but whom one addressed as Madame Anstell. We were fourteen without our own two ladies, for whom excuses were made. I soon saw that I and the Countess, and Dr. Knapp, and Mr. Keane were all comparative strangers, and that there was the necessary friction before the party could warm up. We had the inevitable talk as to English pronunciation and American, whether one says "either" or "e'ther," "trait" or "tray," with the old stories about "nice" and "nasty," but after one or two courses, having felt each other's force and parry, we were more at ease and talk became free. Mrs. Fisher, when there was the slightest risk of a rut, would upset the whole carriage by one of her rudenesses or follies, and this gave us no bad chance to begin again.

In her light and festive way she told us that she was deserted by her two ladies, and if this was a party of men with no women who could cheer it up it was no fault of hers. This was agreeable to the four ladies who were her guests. Then she cheered up those who sat around her by an account of the sufferings of the Birnebaum family, and an account, drawn from imagination, of Mr. Birnebaum's death. Then she said that for her part she wished she were with the widow, that she took no pleasure but in ministering to such grief, and that she could not understand how any woman could stay away from such calls. At the same time she seemed able to join in conversation with the gentleman and lady at her right and left and to trifle with the provisions which Mrs. Edwards had made for us. She afterwards, on another view of the subject, said that Cordelia Grattan and Mary Bell were both impulsive creatures, governed merely by passing fancies; that their absence in the distressed household was merely a whim of the moment and that any hired nurse would have done all that they did, vastly better.

Mr. Emerson charges us to read no book till it has been published a year. He says that so many books are wholly forgotten before the year is over, that one thus saves a great deal of time. I am not brave enough to obey him. And I thought myself well up in the current literature. But these people silenced and confounded me. They looked with scorn on any one who had not digested the last *Fortnightly*, the last *Revue* and the last biography, at that moment it was the life of the Hessian General Rahl, by his great grandson's brother-in-law. I was reminded by their facility, of the well-known readiness of the bright Boston circles. The first day a stranger meets them, he wonders at their omniscience. Every one knows the Himalayan passes. Every one discusses Sanskrit and Prakrit. Every one is at home in the Fiji islands. At his next dinner party every one discusses Virgil's metres, and Mad. de Staël's grandfather, and the laws of euharmonics. And he still marvels at the wonders of culture. Before the third meeting, however, he has found out that they all read *Littell's Living Age*; he also subscribes and then is as bright as the rest of them. What interested me in the Tamworth people was that they were so perfectly up to time, and so indifferent about questions which had been on the carpet a year ago. As the Mackinaw editor said to Dr. Farrar, "Dante is played out."

But we had too many editors and too many people of conscience not to drift round to the very latest subject and the most engrossing, which was for them as for the

rest of the world, the coming election. I was very much interested to see that these people of books, even the editors among them, were affected by the political crisis, in a way quite different from that in which it had aroused the business representatives of the wards, or from that in which my Temperance friends looked at it. The fact that in the neighboring city of Putnam, "THEY," (always "They,") had put a man in, as keeper of the public library, who did not know a line of French from a line of Italian, exasperated these people twenty times as much as would the fact that in the same city of Putnam, "they" had made the repairs of the jail cost forty-seven thousand dollars, when thirty thousand would have built a new jail. And when I intimated to my next neighbor, that the reason why they needed any jail in Putnam, which was not a county town, was that they chose to do all the liquor retailing for the rest of the county, I saw at once that he counted me as simply a fanatic from that moment, and that there was no great use in talking to me, except for civility. But it mattered very little whether he talked to me or not. For the conversation became general, and we all rushed pell-mell into the details of the canvass, quite as eagerly as had the evening party I have before described, though not with as much system. If there even were an etiquette which delayed talk on politics till the ladies left the table, that etiquette was violated now. No one was more eager than they were, nor any one more amusing than Mrs. Fisher.

"I tell my husband that if he would only let us vote, we would settle all this at the first election. To begin with, we would not have any of this nonsense about aldermen and common council. I wish I knew the difference. I believe there is none. I am quite sure Mr. Beltridge, the superintendent of our Sunday School, told me he was a councilman, and then when I wanted him to pardon Jane Flaherty's husband out of jail, not six months after, Mr. Fisher told me he was an alderman, and had nothing to do with it. No! Mr. Keane, I should have the same number of aldermen as of councilmen, and then they could not be opposing each other as they do. If there were no mayor at all we should get on a great deal better. But I tell Mr. Fisher, that no woman, who knows a woman's place, can think for a moment of voting, etc., etc., etc." poor Mr. Keane being the only person who could rightly repeat this part of my story.

"But the news of the day," said Mr. Visdon, the editor-in-chief of the *Chronicle*, "is that Michael Swinton has been appointed one of the Commissioners to the International Fair at Antwerp. His commission came from Washington this morning. He means to accept, and so the question as to the Seventh Ward must be fought all over again."

Let us hope that a patient reader remembers that Michael Swinton led the Street in its conflict with the Hill in that region.

"Then Col. Stothers will walk over," said I, hoping to show my intelligence, and really, as usually happens when one shows off his intelligence, showing that I was a fool. The editor did not so much as look at me, nor form any sort of reply. Such a question deserved no answer. But Prof. Greene said with a frightened tenderness for me, "Oh, dear, no! Col. Stothers would no more unite—unite—our friends there, than would—than would—well, any one you could name."

We had all looked at John Fisher when this new problem was brought up. The question of Alderman in Ward Seven had become much more interesting,—it probably was more important, than the question of the vote for Mayor, where, indeed, we felt quite sure. But if we lost the Seventh Ward, the whole fabric of our system would give way.

I do not know if Mr. Visdon thought that his news would surprise John Fisher. Perhaps he did. For it was certain that Michael Swinton had told him in secrecy, that he received the appointment, just an hour before, without even applying for it, or thinking of it, and that at that time no other man in Tamworth knew it. It was also certain that Fisher had just come from the mills and had met Visdon on the doorsteps. So it is possible Visdon thought that he had a bit of local news which John Fisher did not have.

But if Mr. Visdon had known what Mr. Fisher told me that evening, that so soon as the difficulty in Ward Seven took place, he had himself written to the Secretary of State, at Washington, to ask that this place or something like it might be given to Michael Swinton, which would take him out of the canvass, if Mr. Visdon had known that three or four private letters had passed from each side, and that the morning before, Mr. Fisher had a long despatch in cipher from Washington, I think he would not have supposed that this anecdote took John Fisher by surprise.

"I knew I had some influence in Washington," said John to me afterwards. "Of course I would not use it for myself, but for the public I would. What am I for? If Michael Swinton spends next year in Antwerp he will be much more fit to be an alderman when he comes home."

At the table, however, the talk ran fast and loud as to what could be done in the Ward. Col. Stothers would never withdraw. He had pledged too much and had gone too deep. The Hill people were on a "regular bender." It was their first experiment in politics in many years, and they rather liked it. And yet there was as little chance of their choosing Col. Stothers, as there was of their choosing the lead statue of Meriwether Lewis, which stood in their pretty little park.

"Such a shame that we should lose Ward Seven," said Miss Flinders to me.

John Fisher had said almost nothing. It seemed to me that he had been, almost with affectation, discussing Lohengrin with the Countess, who was on his right. Miss Flinders and I were well down the table on his left. It was, therefore, the more marked, when he, as if he heard every word which everybody said at his own table, took up Miss Flinders at once and said,

"Do not be distressed, Miss Flinders. We shall not lose Ward Seven. We shall carry it by the strongest vote we have had for years. All your funny quarrel there has done us no end of good. Your kid-gloved friends have taught us how to carry on a canvass."

"I am glad they have taught anybody anything," said Miss Flinders, who had the courage of her convictions, was, as it happened, the only person present who lived in the ward, was a child of the public, a perfect lady, and defied the Hill people and all their buckram and precision. "But I should be glad to be let into the secret, and know how this is to be done. For one I want to vote. I do not agree with Mrs. Fisher."

For Mrs. Fisher's third and last oracle on this subject had been that no woman should ever wish to vote, and that no decent woman ever said she did. She had three times expressed herself on the other side of the same subject since dinner began.

"You do not suppose that Col. Stothers wants to stand, do you?" asked John Fisher quizzically.

"I know he is no coward," said she, doubting to what this must lead, and knowing that she must commit herself to nothing, in a conflict of wits with him.

"No one ever thought him a coward," said John seriously. "You canal people may laugh at him as you choose, he is a gentleman born and bred. He loves his

country and would die for it, as readily as on the day when he was the first man on the breastworks at Fort Donelson. He would withdraw this moment, if he were here, and if we showed him a better man."

"A better man? Yes," said Keane, "but the trouble is to persuade him and the Hill that we have found a better man."

"It would be hard to name a better man, in the true sense," said John Fisher. "A better man than Col. Stothers is does not walk this earth, if by goodness you mean honor, truth, generosity, pluck; yes, and modesty. But he will not be trampled on, more than Michael Swinton. All you have to do is to show him a candidate who on the whole knows this city, its schools, its poorhouse, its roads, its people better than he does."

"And that is hard to find," said Keane again. Keane being the leader of a coterie not unlike the Hill coterie in Ward One, where they had things all their own way. "Hard, I mean, in Ward Seven."

Miss Flinders's eyes were flashing fire. She was about to give "that little Keane" an answer which would have envenomed the politics of the town for years, when John Fisher, who was not going to give her a chance, said,

"I will give you your man. And Col. Stothers will withdraw in his favor, and all the Stothers horses will work all day carrying voters to the polls for him. And Miss Maud Flinders will wave her handkerchief when the new alderman is cheered in the evening by the people in the Hollow."

"You are a wizard, Mr. Fisher," she said. "but you must wave your wand before I believe. Who is your candidate?"

"Col. Stothers' next door neighbor!"

Miss Flinders dropped the orange she was peeling.

"Dr. Witherspoon! Dr. Witherspoon an alderman!"

"Precisely," said Mr. Fisher. "Dr. Witherspoon an alderman. Dr. Witherspoon knows as much of drainage as he knows of Greek, and that is to say he knows the matter to the bottom. he knows men by instinct, he knows the schools of Tamworth as no supervisor of them all does, he is a man of that simplicity and that honor that no man dares speak of fraud within a mile of him. He is liberal to every form of opinion, and he has the courage of his convictions. Now what are we to have aldermen for, as Mrs. Fisher says, if we may not choose such a man as that when we need him, or Col. Stothers when we need him?"

Thus was it, I think, that Dr. Witherspoon was first nominated. What is more, I believe he was flattered as well as surprised when he heard of the nomination.

To me, as we sat together that evening, after the rest of the party had gone away, Fisher opened himself rather more confidentially on the subject of local politics than he had ever done before.

I rallied him a little on the nomination of Dr. Witherspoon. "Ah, well," he said, "as well to nominate him at a dinner party as a caucus. One must move somewhere. I wanted Miss Flinders, who is a power 'in the street,' to have the comfort of thinking that she was a prominent agent in his election, as she will be. She is a pillar in his church, and a loyal public-spirited woman." Then he told me what I have revealed to the reader, that he and the Secretary of State together, had thought our honest and stubborn friend, Michael Swinton, would do good service at Antwerp, and that it was thus that a vacancy was created in the ticket for aldermen, which must be instantly filled.

"It has all turned out very well," he said. "When the canvass began those peo-

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ple would no more have let us have their 'dear Dr. Witherspoon' on the Board, than they would have burned his church down while he was preaching. But now the Greeks were at their doors, literally. They had carried their ridiculous Swinton-Stothers quarrel so far that they were within a week of choosing the master of a grog-shop to the Board, and three common councilmen of his own kidney. They will begin to learn that no man is too good for this sort of service."

I asked if he did not find himself annoyed and provoked in the midst of such conflicts.

"Sometimes annoyed, never provoked, often amused," said he. And then it was that he opened his confidence to me a little. "I have large interests in this town," he said. "Pride apart, I have a large pecuniary interest in having it well governed. It is now six years since I saw that decent people were deserting the business of governing it. That business was running into the hands of adventurers, bar-tenders, horse-jockeys, gamblers, what you call ring-men. Why, I tried to choose a decent school committee. I found I was considered as interfering with the prerogatives of a set of drunken hounds whom I would not speak to in a street-car.

"Well, I set to considering this thing. I said to myself, 'Suppose I had a fancy for yachting. Or suppose I wanted to buy folio Shaksperes and original Miltons. Or suppose I had taken to Corots, and Calames, and Meissoniers, like your Mrs. Morgan or Mr. Vanderbilt. How much should I gladly spend a year in that business? Why, I should readily spend a hundred thousand dollars the first year for my yacht, and fifty thousand dollars a year afterwards.' I laid aside those amounts in my plans for the next six years. Of course I never bought a man or a vote. But I put the money where I thought it would help in the good government of the city. I put it in reading-rooms, and boys' institutes, and music-clubs, and libraries, and Sunday Schools, and galleries, and turner matches, and gymnasiums, and law-and-order leagues, and a thousand other agencies which enthusiasts are constantly inventing. The consequence is that I am the friend of the enthusiasts and they are friends of mine.

"And, Mellen, it is always the enthusiasts who win in the long run, if they have a man of sense behind them. Nothing ever succeeded in this world, which had not a crazy man hitched on somewhere.

"That was the first consequence, I say. The second, if you ever choose to go into the same line of business, was this. When I began, my taxes in this city were sixteen on the thousand, I paid sixteen dollars on every thousand of my assessment. Now I pay eight on the thousand, just half what it was, and the government is much better than it used to be. They assess me for about two millions. So I save in my own taxes rather more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Practically it costs me nothing to run my yacht, and I enjoy the fun of sailing her."

*To be continued.*

## Woman's Work in Philanthropy.

IN this very busy and practical age, the best of thoughts clothed in the best of words find none too eager readers and most eloquent preachers speak too often to half empty pews.

Small chance of listeners, then, has he who talks to hear himself talk. There is an unerring instinct in hearers that detects, under any mask of verbiage, the man who has nothing to say. No longer is the mild meandering of a stream of words all around a topic mistaken for the expression of ideas. The intellectual appetite clamors for solids as never before, and the cool wind of criticism is sure to condense any hazy mist of sentiment through which facts do not shine.

This is a hard day, then, for philanthropy, whose natural utterance is deeds, to try to define itself in words. Its advocates and exponents may so easily make the mistake of supposing, that, because a subject is important, everything that can possibly be said about it is important, and that holding the writer's interest it must necessarily find response in the mind of the reader. Yet in pages devoted to many topics, it is difficult to say everything of any one without crowding another. Besides it does a cause the injustice of quenching curiosity concerning it, to tell all about it at once. Too long a story sandwiched between *LEND A HAND* covers is no more tempting to mental appetite than it would be between the pages of an annual report. The top and bottom may be ever so good, the flavor of the sandwich depends upon the meat and is spoiled if there is too much of it.

At the beginning of a new work like ours it is natural to feel our magazine to be the servant of the philanthropies, and to open wide doors inviting each to represent itself as it prefers, since each institution can judge what it most desires the world to know and what facts would tell most helpfully upon its work.

The magazine has not yet reached the happy height where it can look upon the philanthropies as existing for its sake, nor can it conduct itself in all particulars as it could if it had no special work. While, for example, it should seek freedom from bad literature and bad journalism, yet it should not exclude a human interest or a human woe, because the language of that need is told in a style below the literary standard. If the wrong or the woe need to be known and to be righted, and if any plan proposed has a fibre of good sense and practical value, and especially, if making it over would take the pith and the heart out of it, then we must find place for it as it stands for the sake of the lesson it brings. If we invite those connected with good works to say out all they feel ought to be said, and, when they kindly consent, proceed to cut their matter down, we feel like a boarding-house keeper who had opened her house freely to all comers, yet criticises the amount of baggage they bring, and clips with pitiless snip of her scissors the trimmings from the garments in which they choose to appear.

Yet in philanthropy, as in everything else, we have to learn that it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing, and it is a mournful fact that there are many very

good people in the world to whom a good cause or a good object must present some recommendation other than its goodness. With curious indifference to carefully prepared records, people will persist in being interested in the freshest aspect of truth and in facts that are up to date. Warmed-over theories that failed or succeeded so long ago as year before last are unpalatable to the progressive philanthropy that ignores processes in its clamor for results, and is too eager for the future to linger over the lessons of the past.

Even among workers themselves he who cares enough for any cause to talk about it, is usually too engrossed in service to take time to tell it. There is a great deal of work going on over which the recording angel must be kept very busy, since it never has any other reporter. What a comfort in the thought that, when we do get hold of that record, we shall have time to read it through, from seed-sowing to fruitage, without a forecasting glance to find a place to skip. Until that day of heavenly leisure comes, we must remember that our readers are still in the world where minutes are golden, and that we have no right to steal a golden moment without giving in return a golden thought.

If the chief object of our records of philanthropy is to inspire others to join the world's workers, it is not wise to be too historical or too statistical. The modern mind is less interested with the question of how long an institution has lived and how much it has done in the past, than in the question of its present methods and their practical results. We want to know if there are new and better ways of accomplishing more with the same, or, possibly less expenditure of vigor, money and time;—if the sum of human misery *can* be sensibly diminished, and if so, how? And if we must go back to Genesis, and have every charity anatomized, till it stands before us in the bare bones of its beginnings, there is no time left to study the warm pulses of its beating heart.

Now and then there is a work of mercy to suffering mortals that runs in such a pure stream from source to sea that it is hard to glance at any part without a revelation of the whole, but, when that happens, be sure the story will be so interesting, and vital and human that it will tell itself, and will give us the delightful exasperation of not being able to lay it down unread.

Some history we must have of course, but it should be an outline sketch of growth that will show the reader the *principles* underlying the progress of any given work. Such facts alone, as that an institution, born in 1860, added a wing in 1865, bought a new plot of ground in 1870, raised money and a new building in 1880, and needs funds for another in 1885, *may* mean real progress and great and genuine help to humanity, and may mean a great deal of money thrown away. The true history is not in figures, which never lie, if kept at their legitimate business, but which cannot be trusted when made the measure of moral values, or when we take for granted that so much money spent means so much invigoration of bodies or so much inspiration of souls.

It may be as well to go on with our accounts of contributions as a sort of preliminary process of penitence, since the prophets of philanthropy tell us the day is coming when we shall be ashamed of what is now our boast, and congratulate ourselves on the amount of good done without money rather than on the amount of money bestowed.

Meantime, we want to know more about what money really does. We ask for an Institution's records and get, too often, so many years, so much money. But what for humanity? How far toward the root has some evil been traced? How near the

source has some stream of misery been checked? How much real cure and how much real prevention in the millions of money and the many years? What processes failed? What succeeded? What in experience would guide another society or another individual into the true methods of help? How much of all done would you do over if you had it to do again? What solutions have been reached in the complex problem of human suffering? What discoveries made? What links found between sin and pain? What ties between the individual and society? All this and more it is the province of true philanthropy to know. We might get to the bottom of things instead of skimming the surface.

And these answers must grow out of experience. They could only come truly from practical knowledge. We want some history; an outline clear enough to show any one, not yet ready for the spirit of a work, where to find its body and its home. After this we want experience, discussion, suggestions, questions; everything, however small, that would show another the touch by which work reaches a suffering soul or lifts a human life; anything, however small, that shows the link by which any work holds a nature back from degradation, want or sin. We welcome any practical statement, however simple, of just how the smallest helpful things are done, bits from the daily routine of tasks, bits out of *lives*, out of *hearts*. And all this we plead for from fellow workers, and for the sake of those whom such records would touch and inspire to work and to live.

#### EASTER TIDE.

AYE, the lilies are pure in their pallor, the roses are fragrant and sweet,  
The music pours out like a sea-wave, breaking in praise at His feet,  
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus has risen again;  
But we watch for the signs of His living in the life of the children of men.

Wherever a mantle of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe,  
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe,—  
Wherever a soft hand of blessing outreaches to succor a need,  
Wherever springs healing for wounding, the Master is risen indeed!

Wherever the soul of a people, arising in courage and might,  
Bursts forth from the errors that shrouded its hope in the gloom of the night,—  
Wherever, in sight of God's legions, the armies of evil recede  
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed!

So fling out your banners, brave toilers; bring lilies to altar and shrine.  
Ring out Easter bells, He has risen; for thee is the token and sign;  
There's a world moving sunward and Godward, ye are called to the front; ye must  
    lead!  
Behind are the grave and the darkness; the Master is risen indeed.

## YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

BY MRS. MARIA LOUISE BEEBE.

It has been said that a life spent worthily should be measured by "deeds, not years," by "feelings, not by figures on a dial." A philanthropic organization therefore may properly be less concerned about the length of its existence, than the breadth of its attainments, and the age of the Young Women's Christian Association of N. Y. City is therefore of no moment, save that the development of any Christian work is a suggestive study, and that a historical record of fifteen years should be a stimulant to the zeal of present laborers, and an elixir to the purposes of the future.

In 1870, in a central neighborhood within the limits of one room, located for economy, heavenward, was opened an Employment Bureau, and a Circulating Library of fifty volumes, under the auspices of a small band of young ladies, calling themselves the "Young Ladies' Branch" of the "Ladies' Christian Union." At this time an attempt was made to establish a Dressmaking Department. This was a failure, and indeed the whole outlook of the youthful society was most misty and discouraging; widening only to the view of the pure-eyed faith of its founder and Honorary President, Mrs. Caroline D. Roberts.

In 1873, the Branch was separated from the Ladies' Christian Union, and reorganized, with a charter, under the name of the Christian Association. From this period we begin to see traces of the future usefulness of the society, whose journal of daily and yearly progression, of extension and enlargement, would be distasteful literature to any but the

unwearied enthusiast, or the artisan of this growth. No effort will therefore be made to identify the missing links of purpose by which the Association has been evolved from the upper room in University Place, with two departments, into the coming edifice in Fifteenth St., where, with multiplied arms of usefulness, the aim will continually be to "Lend a Hand." One fact is worthy of comment, however, that the Association has made each of its various departments *secure* in *position*, before adding others—the necessities of one branch giving life and stability to the conceptions of the next. No experimental increase is ever allowed, but the insistent demand creates and governs the new issue of usefulness. Like other societies, the Association has spent its years as a "tale that is told" to the public ear in Annual Reports, and has narrated the accomplishment of Bible Class, Educational Department, Entertainments, Reading Room, Circulating Library, Employment Bureau, Industrial Department, Board Directory and Fresh Air Fund.

Following the sequence of the motto, "Look up and not down," the Bible Class merits first attention. With an audience of six as a nucleus in 1872, the same teacher surveys to-day an assemblage of between five and six hundred women, while the list of regular members comprises names of seven hundred and fifty. Amongst working women are many who can only control their leisure every other Sunday, and so the body of the class alternates in its attendance. Entirely non-sectarian in plan and liturgy,

the class is composed of many denominations, as well as nationalities. The singing is congregational, and led by a choir, composed of fifty young women, under the direction of a competent choir-leader, and an organist. (These two are salaried helpers.) The choir is under control of Class Department, and meets for instruction on Friday evenings. The Bible lesson is in exegetical form, with no recitation, or questionings following, and is very simple, conformed, with most careful preparation, to the receptive capacities of the hearers, with very plain personal application to their especial needs. Every woman registers her presence on entering the hall, by slipping her name into the attendance-box. These names are counted by the secretary of the class, and collated with her list of members, so that no absentee can be overlooked, and sickness and want can never escape the eye of the teacher. Every Sunday an invitation is given to the listeners to linger and meet the teacher, and it is her endeavor to know every name and face and history. In no sense does this class interfere with church loyalty, as truancy from such obligation is always rebuked and deprecated, and it is rather a primary step to church connection than an inducement to cancel such claims. Every endeavor is made by exhortation, influence, sympathy and interest to increase the number of those whose "clothing is strength and honor," and "whose price is far above rubies."

A weekly devotional meeting of the class, attended by as many as a hundred women, attests their earnest spirit, and the weight of the mite box makes evident the fact that their hands, too, "are outstretched to the needy." Family meetings are held during the month, when their teacher gives plain talks on homely topics, connected with their every day life, and at regular intervals, on Tuesday evenings, clergymen are invited to address them on the ethics of Christian living. Thus the

Class and the Church find one of the links of union, each being drawn towards the other more forcibly by the intercourse.

The next step in the pursuit of the motto is to induce them to "Look out, not in," and this can best be done by the help of History, Fiction, and Science. The Circulating Library of the Young Women's Christian Association contains 9,634 volumes for the use of self-supporting women. It is the only Free Circulating Library in the city *exclusively* for women, and is open four mornings and every evening in the week—Sundays excepted. The books are covered, titled and kept in order by the Library Committee. The Librarian is the same lady who teaches the Bible Class, and who therefore holds, by a double strand, the cord of her influence. By a novel and unusual provision, each reader can select her own books from the open alcoves, lingering as long as leisure permits over the shelves. The books are located on the basis of subject matter, arranged under authors, and marked, not by numbers but by titles; so that an inspection of the volumes implies information acquired. Members of Committee assist in distributing books and keeping register, and are thus brought into contact with the readers. A "Book of Wants" is kept, in which is noted every applicant's request for books not already in the Library. This suggestive assistant is used discreetly by the Chairman in the purchase of new supplies; so that tastes and needs of readers assist in the reinforcements. Any woman preparing for self-support or already self-supporting (women doing their own household work are thus included) is entitled to these privileges, providing she has an introduction from another applicant, or from some one known to the Librarian. The Reading Room is amply furnished with all the weeklies, monthlies, and the American *necessity*,—the daily paper.

Those who have a surfeit of this kind of literature, and who regret the dates



when their magazines are due, because of the accusing force of "things left unread," cannot conceive the pleasure to these women of a restful hour with the "London Graphic," or the "Century;" nor the charms of "auld acquaintance" to the foreigner who welcomes "Ueber Land und Meer."

Still further the Association demonstrates the tone of the "Lend a Hand" motto in its Class Department. "Look forward and not back" is the watchword of those to whom additional and *thorough* training means a more comfortable life, increased self-respect, and a broader vision. This educational work has quite outgrown its original environment, and in intention and execution is one of the noticeable features of the society, satisfactory in present results, and without horizon as to the future.

Prior to commencement of classes, in 1880, painstaking investigation revealed to the Committee in quest the occupations most suitable to women, and most easily convertible into substantial returns, and book-keeping and writing phonography, type-writing, photo-color, and photo-negative, and crayon were the prefatory attempts. To these have been added commercial arithmetic, choir music, technical design, and drawing. It is evident, "prima facie," that none but skilled instructors can produce good pupils—for the "angle of incidence is always equal to the angle of reflection" in other than the physical world, and so no effort has ever been made to economize in quality of teachers, nor are the students encouraged to continuance in spite of inaptitude, incompetency and indifference, since the Association endeavors to upbuild natural talent, and not to force abnormal ability.

Teachers and clerk of this department are expected also to exercise an influence for the right, to inculcate business habits, and to invigorate the powers of every scholar. In 1885 four hundred and sixty pupils were graduated with most gratifying after-success.

The plans for the new building of the Young Women's Christian Association provide for large class rooms, and the purposes of the workers provide for splendid attainments, and, with the impetus of past returns, there is cause for largest faith and courage.

The entertainments given monthly to five hundred women, recall the first beginnings of the society, when with persistence and simplicity, the modest recreation of stereoscopic views and *extremely* amateur music was offered the small audience. With increased facilities of space and influence the Association now commands, as cheerful co-laborers, best amateur and professional talent, and a most critical and attentive assemblage. Artists are requested always to appear in "evening dress," and with ushers, programmes and brilliant lights, the entertainment is complete and the evening a pleasant contrast to the dull hours of the day, or the quiet of a solitary woman's room. Shakespeare says, "If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work;" but where life is all work, recreation becomes no insignificant factor in the preservation of reason and health.

The old song, "Men must work and women must weep," is a rhythmic and melodious fiction; for the Employment Bureau records fourteen hundred and eighty-six women who applied for work in the year just past, and one thousand one hundred and ninety positions secured. Figures do not easily convey the recital of hours devoted to anxious applicants for work, the discouragements of incompetent workers, the patience of listening sympathizers, the strain upon those desirous to help. The Bureau is proud of the many fine positions it is able to fill and of the efficient women whom it is successful in locating satisfactorily; but many still are seeking the "right place." Until the women of medium intelligence and ordinary education appreciate and respect manual arts, and are willing to merge their self-esteem into household

records, where their real abilities would be recognized and valued, there will be scores of poor cashiers and copyists, hundreds of unprepared teachers, and ranks of women whose unskilled labor is a drug upon the market. The experience in an Employment Bureau of any institution (unless it be of the ordinary Intelligence Office variety) awakens the harrowing conviction that the mass of younger working-women lack mental discipline, natural sensibility, and are of feeble physique. This truth also manifests itself, that the large proportion of mothers provide for their daughters no training for the years beyond the age of eighteen; but advocate a curriculum whose text-books, like quaint milestones, only point out the distance and the way to matrimony. This Bureau is endeavoring, with all its penetration, to solve the problem of absolute want increased by inexperience, and both committee and clerk feel it a Christian obligation to bear the cares of those whose quality of service must decide the quantity of their revenue. The Industrial Department considers the welfare of those whose needle must coin the gold so essential to the support of life and of dependents, such as seamstresses whose obligations at home debar them from sewing "by the day," but who are grateful for being allowed to "stitch" within their own walls for their more independent sisters. This department accepts the creations of worsted, lace, etc., classed under the generic title of Fancy Work, and displays and sells without commission. On its books are very many most deserving gentlewomen, capable

and worthy of the work they ask. If the favored women of our city, whose means enable the amplest provision for their wardrobe, would employ such persons, there need not be an unemployed seamstress in New York! Acknowledged, that it saves time, thought, and expense to buy over the counter, let the additional outlay of money and time be a round in the ladder of good deeds, and a check on the alms-giving, so common amongst wealthy ladies. Our Class in Machine and Fine Sewing has been so productive of promise that the Association will perpetuate this endeavor in the new home with confidence, and will also carry on the Classes in Cutting and Fitting.

Many women in this wide city, full of miserable lodging-houses, welcome a decent home and surroundings, found by the aid of the Board Directory, and will testify their obligation to this branch of the work. Strangers in New York, with limited income and the need of respectable protection, gratefully avail themselves of the homes on the Directory's books. Every house registered on the books is first investigated and all details of location, advantages, respectability, etc., fully known.

Of the Fresh Air work and the tender ministry to the sick and sorrowful no formal record can convey an idea. It is enough to be sure that there are lives thus cheered constantly. This business-like recital covers the surface of earnest Christian impulse and endeavor, but the heart of the mystery can only be found in the three words, "In His Name."

Dr. Holmes has said, "The patient may almost always be saved, if the doctor is called in time; but he should be called two or three hundred years before the patient is born." It is not quite convenient for the New Charity of to-day to root out

the seeds of the pauper disease found in the Seventeenth and the Sixteenth Century; but it does the next best thing; it seeks to cure the pauperism of the Twentieth and the succeeding centuries by shutting up the pauper-factories of to-day.

## LODGING-HOUSES FOR WOMEN.

BY M. M. MC BRYDE.

IN all our cities and large manufacturing towns there is always a class of roving women, homeless from various causes. Some have come to seek work, in vain; some are servants out of place, waiting to get another; many are mothers with one or two little children to whom they cling, who are helped by charitable people to stay *somewhere* till they can get work or help; some are trying to find the fathers of their children; some have just been discharged from hospitals; and many other causes might be mentioned. What shall be done for these who may truly say, "Refuge failed me, no man cared for my soul?"

Moved by the conviction that some one must do something for such people, attempts have been made in New York in three different ways.

1. By the establishment of Women's Boarding Houses where the better class of working women and art students may be comfortably boarded at three or four dollars per week. There is a great and growing demand for such accommodations, and efforts are being made to open a Woman's Hotel and Restaurant. Such efforts have hitherto failed for want of capital.

2. By the opening of Women's Temporary Lodging-Houses. There are a good many such houses for men, but women cannot be lodged as men are. These are not intended to be permanent homes, but shelters where board and lodging must be paid for—beds for fifteen to twenty cents per night, meals from five cents upward.

3. Free lodgings, where all women and girls are received who obey the rules, and where no payment is required.

It is for the second class that we now ask your special attention. Hard places there are in all lives, and they are due to

many causes, but it is a comfort to know that, when a woman loses her situation, or leaves a hospital with no home to go to, (often with a babe in her arms,) or when one is a stranger in the city, seeking something to do, somewhere to stay, there are places where such can live comfortably and respectably for a very small sum. This fact gives a feeling of independence. The house she is in is not a Charity, but a hotel. It is a place to breathe or to "turn herself," if, as in a hotel, she has money to pay her way; if she cannot pay, it is understood that she cannot stay, for these houses aim to be self-supporting.

It will be asked, *Are* such houses self-supporting? It is a question that cannot be fully answered yet, because the philanthropy is a new one. I think not more than three years old. I think one House paid its expenses last year. If every lodger paid all that was due, the income would be greatly increased, but there are times when people have to be trusted, as in very stormy weather or when they are sick, and there are people who, with their plausible stories or pathetic entreaties, prevail on the people in charge to trust them a little longer and then go off without paying anything. There can be no cast-iron rules for Charity, and there are many losses. As a general thing, it will cost a well-conducted House about \$300 to \$350 per month to run, if it accommodates forty or fifty persons. The number of lodgers will probably fluctuate from thirty-five to fifty in a House of this size. When you are taking into consideration rent, fuel, wages, repairs, and general wear and tear, which, in a house which receives this class of people, is very great, you will see that such a House will often need some assistance, but the good done

by it cannot be measured. It far exceeds the worry and distress caused by those who impose upon its privileges.

We offer this statement to the public, in the hope of influencing women in every

city to take hold of this work. We will gladly assist such by every means in our power, giving them the benefit of our experience that they may not fall into our errors.

### INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S WORK.

RECENTLY the city of New York has had a prophetic vision, an earnest of the future, of the practical education that shall include all that has been good in the old methods of training the brain, united with new methods for training the hand.

Under the auspices of "The Industrial Education Society," organized but two years since, has been held an Industrial Exhibition of Children's Work. This display was not made that the public might be delighted with a novel spectacle, but that it might be demonstrated to all thinking people, that manual training was both possible and pleasing to childhood. About sixty schools have returned exhibits, displaying in many instances work done for the first time during the past winter.

Interesting as the specimens presented were in every aspect, they were chiefly so to the thoughtful mind as an illustration of a new theory and principle of education.

We observed for example, in contrast with the old methods of shirt-making known to our grandmothers, six different systems of sewing, all of which have been applied and approved in industrial classes, and five methods of learning to draw.

The Public Schools of Philadelphia made perhaps the most creditable display. There were garments made entirely by children which would do credit to a skilled seamstress. Industrial drawings and models from the Public Schools of Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, New Haven, Worcester, and St. Louis attracted much admiring attention from the visitors. The

New York City College students under fourteen years of age sent most creditable specimens of their wood and metal work.

The Hebrew Technical Institute made an interesting display. Specimens of cabinet making, joining, modelling in clay, wood-turning, free hand and mechanical drawing all indicated the thoroughness of the training bestowed upon the students. This institute is supported chiefly by private contributions. Schoolhouse, 129 Crosby Street.

New York should feel abashed as she looks upon the advance technical education has made in other cities. Her public schools make no exhibit. But the individual work of pupils in a few of her institutions shows that private teachers are busy introducing the new method at many points. Everywhere the teaching of sewing seems to have been the preliminary work. Miss Huntingdon of the Wilson Industrial School, whose Kitchen Garden Method has been adopted in many schools to instruct children in housework, has published a Manual for Children's Cookery. The attendants upon the Wilson School are also well taught in the preparation of inexpensive meals.

The Society of Decorative Art under its Board of Management has opened free classes in fine sewing, embroidery, designing, modelling and wood carving. These classes were established to educate contributors to the salesrooms of the society.

The New York Trade Schools under direction of Mr. Auchmuty, show fine

work contributed by men of from seventeen to twenty-one years of age. This work is done by the pupils in the evenings at the schools. Plastering, plumbing, wood-carving, brick-laying, frescoing, are all taught practically, under the best instructors; and the school is largely supported by the pupils, who pay a small sum for their instruction. Many apprentices enter the training school, working during the evening, and often after the winter lessons are finished, find themselves qualified to earn journeyman's wages.

The Manual Training School of Chicago, Illinois, is perhaps better equipped for industrial work than any other school in the United States. The following items indicate some of the work that may be done there.

Work rooms—27 cabinet-makers' benches, 24 speed lathes, 1 circular saw, 1 scroll saw, 1 boring machine, 1 planer, 1 grindstone, 1 shootplane, bench lathe, and general tools for 72 boys. Foundry—2 furnaces, crucibles, troughs, flasks, trowels, rammers, sieves, and other apparatus for 66 boys. Forge room—24 forges, 23 anvils, 1 emery wheel, 1 shears, 3 vises, 1 blower, 2 exhaust fans, tongs, sledges, hammers, fullers, flatters, swages, etc., etc., for 66 boys. Machine shop—7 engine lathes, 14-inch swing, 6-foot bed; 1 engine lathe, 18-inch swing, 8-foot bed; 2 speed lathes, 1 planer, 6-foot bed; 1 shaper, 1 drill, 1 grindstone, 15 benches, 15 vises, lathes and vise tools, such as chucks, boring bars, taps, dies, hammers, chisels, files, etc., sufficient for 32 boys. Power is supplied by a Corliss engine of 52-horse power and by two steel boilers.

The work done in the Pelham School, Westchester County, New York, bears close examination. Among its exhibits were a carved sofa, which could be lifted by pulleys from the floor and made to swing in mid-air. They displayed also, beautiful specimens of embossed leather and creditable art work. To ladies in Pelham is due the establishment

and successful conduct of this Art and Industrial School.

So many and remarkable were the contributions from schools and private homes, that one's list grows too long, who would attempt description. Here is the tin-ware, the harness, the horseshoes, the skillful darning and tailoring from the Indian children, who, Colonel Pratt justly says, are second to no students in the land in their progress in handicraft. And arranged with care were many articles of handiwork made by children in various philanthropic institutions, as well as the fruits of pastime industry, perfected by children who have learned to use tools at home.

Perhaps the exhibit made by the Amateur Technical Union was as interesting to the visitor as any of the displays. The boys of this Association attend Grammar School, 57 East 115th Street, New York City. The Association is officered by the boys, and they do their work after school hours, at home.

Their day school teacher, J. Abden Donnigan, gave the impulse of creation to this organization, and he criticises and examines the work done, when the boys present it to his attention.

"The object of the Union is to make simple mechanical apparatus to illustrate instructive experiments in philosophy, chemistry, etc., mechanical drawing, map drawing in water colors." The models exhibited show some of the work done after school hours during the past six months and represent a Miniature Guillotine, Fresh Water Aquarium, Foundry Crane, Plan of a Stone Cutter, Inclined Railroad, Dumb Waiter, etc.

As a sign of the growing feeling in favor of general Industrial education, we might accept the establishment of the "Grammercy Park School House Association." This Association in November of last year added to its course of study the use of "The Tool House," consisting of a series of workshops, amply supplied with adequate machinery and tools. This adjunct supple-

ments the theoretical teaching of the Technical Department. Its occupations are practised in the afternoon of each day and are pursued in connection with the usual branches of commercial and scientific study.

The attendants upon this school represent the well-to-do classes in the community, and the model of a suspension bridge constructed from full size drawings at a scale of one-sixteenth of an inch for one foot, which ornaments the centre of the Exhibition hall, demonstrates the progress of these students.

In our hasty glance we must not forget the products of the labor of the unfortunate boys who learned to support themselves in the Crippled Boys' Brush Shop, 314 East 35th Street, New York City.

These afflicted boys are taught through the provision of the Children's Aid Society

to make brushes, and are paid for their labor.

To introduce our readers to the Industrial Exhibition entire, would be impossible, for the children seem to have left nothing unattempted, from paper cats and dogs by Kindergarten wee ones, up to really remarkable art work in clay and metal and thoroughly workmanlike models, iron work, machinery, etc. Prizes were given for the most deserving work in the various departments.

The above Exhibition indicates the work which the "Industrial Education Society" hopes to see perfected through its influence and aid. It is already doing a great work in concentrating and developing sentiment upon this question, and the wise efforts that resulted in this exhibition are already bearing much fruit.

#### MONTHLY CONFERENCE OF WOMEN.

THE regular monthly meeting of "The N. Y. Woman's Conference" was held at the rooms of The N. Y. Charity Organization Society on Monday, March 29th.

The subject, "Over Work and Low Wages," attracted a large attendance, although the day was stormy.

The opening paper was by a lady whose long experience as an employer enabled her to lay bare many very sad facts in the working-women's daily lives. She dwelt with feeling upon the petty tyrannies, the jeers and insults directed against decent women, who must suffer these or abandon their self-respect.

Painful facts were given that revealed how overworked many employes were in the shops during the Holiday Season; and instances cited of women who stood on duty from early morning till midnight, receiving no increased remuneration for their extra services, and rarely provided with supper.

The equivalent for these long hours is said by employes to be two weeks' vacation in summer. Then the clerk who comes after the summer holiday and is dismissed after the Christmas rush is over, receives no equivalent whatever. The speaker discussed in strong terms the experience of girls, who could not resent ill-treatment or insult, because they could not afford to receive the inevitable dismissal, which the head of the department would pronounce against the woman who criticised "his manly (?) conduct toward her."

In order to do full justice to the civil and kind employers, a list was given of those among whom courtesy and justice was the rule toward their women clerks.

This paper was followed by that of a physician who gave a minute account of the women who work for factories and stores in their tenement homes. She knew five hundred such families personally. The system of employing "Middle Men," who



receive work from factories and dole it out to women, who cannot by their long-continued labor, earn enough to feed and clothe their households, was denounced and deplored. Married women with little children accept lower wages than women without families, because the married woman only supplements her husband's wages and avails herself of the tiny fingers of her children to sew on buttons and tie threads. She can accomplish a greater amount of shop work in the day, than can the single woman who must do it all herself; and the time and life of little children does not count! Therefore the thrifty or perchance the needy mother sells the light of the eyes and the color from the cheeks of her little flock for a few additional pennies from the hand of the "Middle Man!"

The speaker felt that tenement-house sewing should be prohibited by law, because of the fact that disease is often carried by it from one family to another. Well-ventilated, clean rooms should be provided in the factories, where women could meet and sew. Child labor should be legally disallowed.

Before the final paper was read by the president of the "Woman's Protective Un-

ion," a spirited discussion took place as to why this distress among tenement house working-women. Why did not the wages of hard-working men support their families and leave the mothers free to be wifely and motherly in their homes?

In answer it was urged that ignorance was at the bottom of this defective home life. The mothers did not know, for the most part, how to make their own garments or their children's or how to cook a nourishing pot of soup! One woman stated, that after visiting in one locality two hundred and forty women who had families, she found but one who made the garments of her children; and this mother was clean, cheerful and well, and proud to say her husband earned \$1.25 a day.

It was not low wages alone, but ignorance and incompetency that produced want and sickness and crime. There seemed to be a strong feeling that education must be the remedy, and that girls should be taught before marriage how to live prudent, domestic lives.

The meeting adjourned to consider at the May session "Ways of Prevention."

### THE HALF-HOLIDAY QUESTION.

THE question of giving a half-holiday on each Saturday to all employés in dry goods and other stores in New York City has been agitated with a good deal of earnestness for months past. Recently meetings held for the consideration of the subject have overflowed and crowds have sought admittance in vain.

The audiences, composed of all classes, gray-haired employers as well as the employed, have included many ladies, among whom there has been marked sympathy with the early-closing movement. Indeed, it seems to have dawned upon women at last that the success of this effort on the

part of clerks to obtain the needed rest depends largely upon themselves. Shops cannot be closed, unless the requisite supplies are purchased before noon on Saturday, and to change the habits of a community in this respect will require the coöperation of both men and women. The subject has been dealt with by speakers and writers from the practical as well as the humanitarian side, and as much stress laid upon the effect of a half-holiday upon work as upon workers; and it is strongly recommended by many, simply as a measure for getting the most work for the longest period out of the human

machine. That five and a half days' work accomplishes more than six for the employer is a more potent argument for many people than that sixteen hours a day is damaging to human bodies and brains. Let the quality of the work prove that the recreative process is wrought by the needed rest and amusement, and the coldest-hearted employers will not refuse the time.

It is curious to see how slowly public sentiment rises to the point of demanding a thing, simply because it is right and just, and seeks to find every possible reason for right-doing except the one reason from which there can be no appeal. In discussion of this question, for example, men advocate the holiday, in hope that in it relief might be found for some of the troublesome economic questions of the day. One man believes less working time will lessen over-production; another believes the trouble lies less in over-production than in under-consumption, as there are thousands who need the articles produced, but lack means to buy them.

Whatever may be the practical outcome, movements like this educate people to juster views of what society demands, teaching the successful and strong that they should protect the poor and weak. Such meetings are a protest against the idolatry of Capital, and against that false state of society which discriminates between social position and human rights.

At a recent meeting at Chickering Hall, resolutions were unanimously adopted, asking the proprietors of all stores in the city to close at one o'clock on every Saturday, and to make some earlier day the pay-day of each week.

A Committee of one hundred, composed of leading citizens, was appointed, with power to add to their number, to visit the employers and ask their consent to this movement.

This meeting was promptly followed by one for the organization of this Committee, of which Mayor Grace consented to be the permanent chairman. Mr. Emmell

R. Olcott, who was elected secretary, reported the wide-spread interest already aroused in the movement, and the expressed willingness on the part of employers to give their employes the half-holiday. He submitted a resolution providing that sub-committees wait upon representatives of various branches of business, to request the holiday and also to suggest change of pay-day from the last to the middle of the week. Among the reasons for this latter change was the fact that the improvident would be less likely to spend all their earnings on the holiday, and would find their recreation in things that did not cost money, thus leaving their wages to benefit their families.

Several employers who had tried it, said that the shortening of hours need not result in shortening pay, since experience proved that it did not result in less labor done. A resolution was adopted to appoint a Committee to draft a form of agreement to be signed by business men and another to confer with the proper Committee of the Legislature on the matter of the presentation, payment, and protest, of commercial paper, in such a way as to advance the observance of every Saturday as a half-holiday.

Several other resolutions followed, one asking the coöperation of the Chamber of Commerce, and another providing that the early closing should begin with the first Saturday in June.

In so far as New York City is concerned the work seems most satisfactorily begun, and it is to be hoped will result in turning an army of working people out of shops, factories and stores into the fresh air and sunshine of the first Saturday of June.

The whole subject is a larger factor in the question of how people can be made better and happier, than can even be considered in a report like this. Doubtless some of those who see and feel its broader significance and deeper purpose may be induced some time to speak of these to us.

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## ASSOCIATION OF WORKING GIRLS' SOCIETIES.

THIS Association was organized Feb. 16, 1885, having for its object the union of Clubs of various cities. This Union includes eleven regular and four honorary societies, and is governed by a Council composed of representatives from each.

The Council elects from its body five Directresses and two Secretaries, who act for the Association between its meetings.

At its recent annual meeting the body of Association Hall was bright with young faces and fluttering bits of gay ribbon that distinguished the various societies.

There were twelve Clubs present in force: Under a standard decorated with ribbons of deep orange ranged The Resolve Club of Five Points. A knot of brilliant red indicated The Working Girls' Society of Thirty-eighth St. The Girls' Endeavor Society, formerly The Social Club of Grace House, wore light blue. White marked The Working Girls' East Side Society, violet The Good-Will Club, and buff The Girls' Association of Annex Hall, and dark blue The Fifty-ninth St. Society.

From across the rivers that bound Manhattan Island came from Brooklyn, The Working Girls' Central Club, the Red Hook and Prospect Heights Clubs, while Hoboken's Industrial Society sent its quota of members in pretty colors of Nile green and pink.

The honorary members of the Association, viz: The New Century Guild of Philadelphia, The Social Club of Boston, The Library Club of Yonkers, N. Y., and The Girls' Social Club of Janesville, Wisconsin, sent their representatives, with greetings to their sister societies, and glowing reports of work well done.

The Secretary's statement of the Association showed most encouraging progress during the past year. Four regular and

one honorary society have been added, and there has sprung up a general feeling of helpfulness among the clubs. "The older Working Girls' associations grow," said the Secretary, "the less they want to be entertained, and the more anxious they are to help others." And the truth of this was amply proven by reports from the different branches. In some clubs an evening in the week had been given up to sewing for the poor; a cooking class had undertaken the making of tempting dishes for the sick; dolls had been dressed at Christmas time to gladden the hearts of poor children, and loving hands had gathered pictures and made bright scrap-books to light up the dreary wards of hospitals.

One report told of volunteer teachers, themselves from the rank and file of working-women, who give stated evenings to helping their younger sisters in their self-supporting plans.

Some societies have within their organization a number of members especially united together under the "Lend a Hand" mottoes for helpful work.

One society reports among other bright things a question box, the use of which had led to talks upon geology, astronomy, physiology, etc., and another, The Annex Hall Society, mentions a Saturday afternoon Rambling Club which had afforded many a pleasant fresh-air jaunt to interesting points accessible in summer time. The Good-Will Club recounted something new in the way of a supper served for the modest sum of five cents to those who have not time to go home between the evening work and the hour of classes.

The Working Girls' Vacation Association received grateful acknowledgment from the Associated Clubs for its generous service, by which many tired girls,

otherwise forced to drag through the hot days and stifling nights in the city, were given a healthful country rest.

The report of the President of the New Century Guild of Philadelphia told a story that proved that society to have been well named. All the elements of a modern, progressive helpful age are there. Besides the usual needle-craft and clerical work, they have a class in mending, darning, patching, etc., of which "bachelors and other unfortunates may avail themselves."

"Stockings," says the report, "that were formerly worn to the last stages of dilapidation and then thrown away, are now restored. Rents that were formerly considered uncollectable are now reduced to submission at the point of the needle."

Philadelphia is also æsthetic. Imagine a committee deliberating over the figure of a Cretonne curtain or the pattern of an ingrain carpet with as much interest as over raw silk and Persian rugs; while another committee devotes itself with artistic ardor to decorating a frieze for the parlor of the society.

They have their classes in English literature, music and drawing, and their course of lectures, too, with some unique topics, among which may be mentioned, "How to take care of the Baby's Teeth," "How to Wash the Baby," etc. They re-

port also the establishment of a Labor Exchange in connection with their Guild, where is offered for sale, home-made bread, pastry, salads, jellies, etc. They have also established a gymnasium for the members, under a competent instructor.

Much regret was felt that the time did not permit of the report of The Social Club of Boston.

Letters were read during the evening from different girls who voluntarily testified to the benefits derived from their society.

One letter says, "The classes have been of much practical help to me. I use what I learn there in my everyday home life." Another, "I was visiting a friend who was suddenly taken ill. She was worried about the meals, but through what I had learned at the cooking class I was able to take charge of them for her and managed quite successfully." Another writes, "I do enjoy the weekly Bible Reading so much. I go away feeling refreshed and strengthened for the whole week."

So they testify, and so they feel, these brave girl-workers lifted up by such helpful and cheering association from their routine of daily toil for bread, into that higher service which makes them sharers of the Bread of Life.

**THE Women's National Indian Association**, deeply bereaved by the loss of two of its Vice Presidents, adopted the following resolutions at the March meeting of its Executive Board:

*Resolved:* That by the death, February 3, 1886, of Miss Anna L. Polk, President of the Wilmington, Delaware, Women's Indian Association, and one of the Vice Presidents of the Women's National Indian Association, we have lost a valued and beloved officer and co-worker, one whose deep devotion to the cause of Indian emancipation and elevation awakened in others like interest and effort, and one whose Christian faith,

singleness of purpose, cheerful courage and generosity made her uniformly trusted and beloved.

*Resolved:* That in the death, March 3, 1886, of Mrs. Harriett W. F. Hawley, a Vice President of the Women's National Indian Association and President of the Women's, Indian Association of Washington, D. C., we have occasion to mourn a Christian woman of sincere faith, of noble devotion to our righteous cause, of rare abilities and intellectual attainments, of winning graces and of great influence; one who was at once a leader and follower of all that is good; one widely known in high social and official positions, and everywhere beloved.

*Resolved:* That as our loss is great so shall our lesson be; and that while we ever revere her memory, we will also make it an incentive to deeper devotion to the work we individually have in hand.

## Ten Times One.

"Look up and not down:—  
Look forward and not back:—  
Look out and not in,  
And Lend a Hand."

THE first wish in forming a club of young people is to show them, in practical illustration, that they also are of some use in the world, and that they have a part to play in it. Every experiment tried by every club is of use to the others, because it makes this work the easier.

The drag comes in Sunday Schools when the boys first, and sooner or later the girls, tire of the text-book or other manual of instruction which has been put in their hands, and begin, indeed, to distrust the monotonous machinery of the school. If at that tired or dissatisfied moment, something to do can be intrusted to them, all the immense energy of boyhood or of girlhood is awakened at once and may be utilized. It is clear enough that this "something to do" must be something on which energy may be expended. It is not simply to ask papa for money to put into a missionary jug, or a contribution box. It is definite square work, if it require the sacrifice of some pleasure, it is none the worse for that. These boys and girls are capable of sacrifice and the sooner they make it the better for them.

If it happen that the church with which they are connected is not feeling out for the hungry who are to be fed, close to its walls perhaps, the naked who are to be clothed, the orphans who are quite alone, the strangers who are homesick, why that is so much the worse for that church. And the sooner that it devises some method by which its children can enter personally and practically, in the Master's footsteps on the Master's work, so much the better for the church, to say nothing of those who need its care.

Let an enterprising teacher who does not know what in the world her Wadsworth Club shall do, read the newspaper. There is an account of a fire in the country yesterday, where the people lost everything but their night-clothes, or there is a story of the fall from a roof of a journeyman painter who has been taken to the hospital. Or there is the story of the sentence to the house of correction, for the fifth time, of a drunken woman, who left at home four children. Who has gone to see about those children, or the painter's children, or the people who were burned out? Possibly you might go yourself, and probably before night you would have thought of something your club might do.

We could wish that the secretaries and leaders of Clubs were not so modest as they are in sending to us the details of such modest successes as they achieve, or when they fail, as they often will fail, of their failures also. There is no need of waiting till they have built a church, or reformed a county. The story of the Baltimore Club which purchased a jig-saw for poor, lame Terence Flaherty was much more entertaining than are most stories of church-building, or of large scale reformation. And it is very much more encouraging for young people who are beginning on their enterprise. This the writer happens to know from his experience.

## THE GEOGRAPHICAL CLUB.

It consists of sixteen members at present. At every regular meeting one more is chosen, a boy and a girl alternately.

The meeting opens with singing, and the record is then read. The president is chosen by lot, whoever draws a white bean from the basket is president for the meeting.

The new member is introduced, and sits next to the president. The club is then called in order from the president's left, as the sun goes round, for "information." Information means that each member is expected to bring a letter or news from some one relative, not living in the county.

It proved, very early, that the number of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and first cousins of the members of the club, thus resident at some distance from us, was very large, the average was eleven to every member, and correspondence was apt to drag, unless there was an object for corresponding. But after our club was well at work the members were all glad to correspond. And now we have at least one letter, from which a part is read by each member present at every meeting.

From such letters we had sometimes amusing gossip, about the boy and girl life of Canada, Nova Scotia, Montana, Japan, and countries farther off, if indeed there are any; we sometimes had quite serious political reflection; we had notes of travel when the cousins in question were away from their own homes, very often we had scraps from newspapers, sometimes in foreign languages, and in some found that little placards, concert-bills, or other "flyers" as the boys called them were attractive. Our club-room is under the sway of the club, and the walls are now ornamented by more than four hundred pictures or hand-bills of different colors, in seventeen different languages, which have been sent in in what the young people call "legitimate correspondence."

Each member of the club has a color or

a combination of colors. Thus one person has a red star on a white ground for his personal totem, one has a magenta circle. On a large map of the world, covering one side of the room, whoever reads a letter or produces a "totem" from Nagasaki, or Montana, or the Fiji Islands, fixes his "totem" on that spot on the map. If you have a traveling cousin, his course may be traced round the world, if he writes often enough, by the orange "totems" of his correspondent.

We are now engaged in forming a museum. There are already three hundred and eleven objects in it, properly ticketed. The last arrivals were "Breastpin made from shell of Ohio River, *Cincinnati*," "Arrow-head from Indian City near *La Salle*," "Seed vessel of *Nelumbium Luteum*," "Pen with which Gov. Matross signed his Message," "Part of the wedding dress of Jane McRea," "Proclamation issued in Winnipeg war," "Electrotype of Denarius of Caligula," "Peat from an Irish bed near Skillymac."

Two of the boys have a printing press, so that they can print the labels for the objects in the museum. And it is proposed to issue a monthly journal with extracts from the more interesting letters, which may be sent to our correspondents. The list of correspondents is now one hundred and seventy-four. Many of the correspondents have established clubs of their own.

The formation of a museum is largely promoted by the friendly correspondence indicated on the cover of Harper's Young People. This teaches one how he may exchange a pine tree shilling against a bead of wampum, or three old Atlantic Monthlies against ten nails from Captain Cook's ship Resolution. And the exchange takes a range so wide that he would be a bold man who would prophesy what is promised.



## VILLAGE AND TOWN SOCIETIES.

REV. OSCAR C. MC CULLOCH.

1. Such a Society is expansive enough to include every existing agency. It destroys the autonomy of none. It simply groups together already existing agencies for mutual information, consultation and aggregation of effort.

2. Such a Society can be started with little mechanism in a small town, by the coöperation of the churches and benevolent citizens.

3. Such a Society can be started in a large city by working one ward or district thoroughly, and thence, as in London, spreading through all districts.

4. Too much work must not be attempted at first, lest the Society break of its own weight and lack of coherence. There is needed education among its workers, perception of the great thing to be done and of the best means of doing it. Better one district well worked than twenty scratched over. "He that believeth shall not make haste."

5. The literature on this subject is in part as follows: "Charity Organization," "Phases of Charity" and "Provident Schemes," by Rev. S. H. Gurteen, of Buffalo. "Our Common Land," by Miss Octavia Hill—MacMillan & Co. "Homes of the London Poor," by Miss Hill, re-published by New York State Charities Aid Society. "Essays by Miss Hill," re-printed by Boston Associated Charities. "How to Help the Poor," by Mrs. J. T. Fields; also, the publica-

tions of the Boston and Philadelphia societies. "The London Charity Organization Reporter" is published monthly. The "Monthly Register," by the Philadelphia society, is instructive and interesting. Forms may be had on application to any of the societies.

Long since Schiller wrote:

"Some time philosophy, no doubt,  
A better world will bring about;  
Till then the old a little longer  
Must blunder on through love and hunger."

What love and hunger will do unguided and unrestrained is seen in the condition of society as it is; and the Venetian epigram is the sad expression of its hope and belief: "Why so struggle the people and cry? To get food, to beget children and to feed them as best one can. Further than this attaineth no man."

With a larger faith and a brighter hope the London Charity Organization expresses the thought of all who are now working along this line: "By this organization, when fully carried out, it is hoped that no loophole will be left for imposture; no dark holes and corners of misery, disease and corruption remain unvisited; no social sore fester untouched by wise and gentle hands; no barrier of ignorance or selfish apathy stand unassailed between the rich and the poor; no differences of creed prevent unity of action in the common cause of humanity."

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## THE PARABLE OF THE VINE AND THE CORN.

AMONG the very few passages not in the New Testament which the ancient fathers of the Church preserved in giving an account of the words of the Saviour is the following interesting parable. The best

critics agree that it is "certainly based on a real discourse." It embodies in a very picturesque way the principle of "Ten Times One is Ten:"

"The Lord taught of those days (of

His future Kingdom on earth) and said, 'The days will come in which vines shall spring up, each having ten thousand stems, and on each stem ten thousand branches, and on each branch ten thousand shoots, and on each shoot ten thousand clusters, and on each cluster ten thousand grapes, and each grape when pressed shall give five-and-twenty measures of wine. And when any saint shall have seized one cluster, another shall cry: 'I am a better cluster, take me; through me bless the Lord.' Likewise, also,'—He said,—'that a grain of wheat shall produce ten thousand ears of corn,

and each grain ten pounds of fine, pure flour, and so all other fruits and seeds and each herb according to its proper nature. And that all animals, using for food what is received from the earth, shall live in peace and concord with one another, subject to men with all subjection. . . . And he (Papias) added, saying, 'Now these things are credible to them which believe.' And when Judas the traitor believed not and asked, 'How then shall such productions proceed from the Lord?' The Lord said, 'They shall see who come to these times.' Of this, then, Irenæus adds, 'Isaiah prophesied.'" Isaiah xi.

### A BUFFALO CLUB.

ABOUT five years ago a Sunday School teacher in Buffalo invited her class of ten young girls to read "Ten Times One is Ten" with her. A Club was formed. Its members visited the Newsboys' Home, dressed dolls for the church fair, prepared patch-work for an industrial school, and gave a Christmas dinner and presents to five needy families. The next year the whole Sunday School took it up and eighty children were made happy.

I have kept no regular account, but Ten Times One must be over a thousand now, just in our Sunday School, and I hear that one or two other schools have followed our example.

We have no organization, our class meets say twice a year at my house, and we talk about the book. I gave each young girl a copy of Mr. Hale's little book and a little badge pin marked "10 x 1 = 10."

### THE HAPPY TIME.

RONDEAU.

CHARLES S. GREENE.

O HAPPY time of childhood's play,  
When careless hearts are glad and gay,—  
The time of opening leaf and flower,  
When sorrow is an April shower  
That hardly dims one sunny ray.

And when fond lovers slowly stray  
Along a blossom-bordered way;  
Too rapt to note the fleeting hour,  
O happy time.

Yet, when with age thy hair is gray,  
If, weary with a well-spent day,  
Thou seest by faith's prophetic power  
The pearly gate before the tower,  
Ah, then thou shalt most truly say,  
"O happy time."

# Intelligence.

## THE RINDGE HOME.

THE different seashore cities of America have established for many years past homes at the seashore, in which infant children and their mothers may have the benefit of the tonic produced by a sudden change to fresh air blowing over the sea. This tonic seems to be almost a panacea in cases of cholera infantum and other diarrhoeal diseases of young children in hot weather. "I tell them to send me the sickest children in Boston," said the physician of the Boston Seashore Home, one summer, "and they do. But by the time the little things have ridden over the long beach to bring them to our home, they are already well."

These homes in the neighborhood of the various sea-shore cities have in the last ten years very materially improved the rate of infant mortality in these cities. There is not a better illustration of this improvement than is afforded by the Brook-Seaside Home, supported by the Brooklyn Children's Aid Society. Under the admirable care of our lamented friend, Mr. Douglass, this Home was maintained during his life, and it is still kept up with the same admirable arrangements.

"The official records," he says in his appeal of 1877, "tell a saddening story of the sufferings and mortality of little children during the summer days. While older children and adults are safest, the little ones under five years are exposed to dangers which sweep them away by hundreds. Think what grief is included in the item of 390 deaths of little children in a single week of one summer month. Remember that this frightful increase of

mortality occurs when thousands of the children of the wealthier classes are safe out of town. It falls almost entirely upon the laboring classes—those least able to spare time or money to save their little ones."

But while the attention of our cities has thus been directed to infants in the hottest months of summer, we have not carried forward so far as has been done in Europe the establishment of sea-shore homes for another class of patients. These are scrofulous children, and especially children suffering from *rachitis*, for whom the beneficial effects of the tonic of the sea have proved to be very important. To the unlearned it may be well to say that our English word, "rickets," is a mere corruption of the Greek word, "*ra-chitis*," which means originally an inflammation of the spine.

The European system for the treatment of patients suffering from *rachitis* and scrofula was explained in a very interesting manner in a brief report made by Dr. Bradford of Boston, one of the physicians of the Children's Hospital in that city. We shall hope at an early date to publish a full account of the European system. It may be said, in general, that the city of Paris was the first to establish a seashore home for such diseases as we have described, and the establishment on the English Channel now maintained at the cost of that city, for patients sent all the way from Paris to the sea, is now the largest establishment of the sort in the world and probably that most widely known. The success of the treatment

there has been so evident that similar establishments have grown up all around Europe, as well on the Mediterranean as on the seas at the North, on the Bay of Biscay and on the English Channel. It has been quite a fashion, Dr. Bradford says, among the interior Italian cities for each municipality to own its own Seashore Home to which it may send its own people who are suffering from *rachitis* or in any way need the benefit of sea-bathing or the sea air.

In this country with our abundance of good food and with our opportunity to live in the open air such diseases as resemble *rachitis* have been comparatively but little known. But, with the larger emigration to this country of Italian laborers, the same conditions are observed by our physicians and in the hospitals of our seaboard cities, as have made necessary the Seashore Homes of Italy.

Mr. Rindge of California has placed at the disposal of the Seashore Home of Boston, the large, well-furnished hotel on Lowell Island off Salem, in Essex County, Massachusetts, to be used as a Summer Home for any persons who may be in need. He only requires that no condition of race, religious faith, or class shall

ever be introduced in the terms for admission. He gives the furniture of the hotel, and all the buildings on the island. Among these is a large dancing hall, which will be an admirable play-room for children in stormy weather. The island is about fourteen acres of land and rock. Good wells provide plenty of water, and it has all the breezes of the open Atlantic to keep it cool. The hotel is in good repair, and may be occupied this summer, if the proper arrangements can be completed. It is large enough to accommodate two hundred persons, and is conveniently planned. Mr. Rindge accompanies his generous offer with a gift of one thousand dollars towards the expenses of the home this year.

A committee has been appointed to report a place of administration, and to state how large will be the expense of maintaining a Sanitarium there, for the purposes which have been indicated this summer. The Seashore Home of Boston provides for infant children at its well-equipped home at Winthrop in Boston Bay. It is believed that the Rindge Home may be opened for older children, from all parts of the State.

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#### NEW YORK INDIAN MEETINGS.

NEW YORK City has had a goodly share of Indian meetings during the last month.

The regular gathering of the Women's Indian Association of New York City is constantly growing in numbers and interest, and by a series of drawing-room meetings they have endeavored to widen the sympathy and secure the coöperation of those outside of the Society.

Then General Armstrong marched upon the town with his young Indian and Negro orators, his quartette of students, and his

own effective pleading for cordial support for his noble work at Hampton. He filled the churches where he spoke; we hope he filled the treasury of his school as well. If he carries away as many dollars as he does consciences and hearts, then his work cannot long lack the help it deserves and needs.

The next Indian raid came in the form of an enthusiastic Citizens' meeting, which was held in Association Hall on the eve of April 2d to express the growing senti-

ment of the people on this important subject, and to consider the best means of securing a more liberal and humane government of the Indian tribes. In the enforced absence of George William Curtis, ex-Judge Daly presided, and the platform presented a goodly array of men whose presence is a moral support to any struggling cause. Among these were John Jacob Astor, Chauncey Depew, Francis C. Barlow, ex-Judge Lawrence and Daniel Huntingdon. Addresses were made by Bishop Potter, Rev. Drs. Hall, Taylor, MacArthur, and Ormiston. Mr. Herbert Welch in a characteristic and forcible address, gave himself particularly to the exposition of Senator Dawes' Sioux Bill, which he warmly endorsed.

In his opening remarks he alluded to the fact that even the Mexicans had civilized one-half of their Indians, and argued that at no stage of our history would it have been impossible or difficult to have absorbed Indians into our civilization.

Bishop Potter read a letter of regret from George William Curtis, ending with "America should mean fair play," and presented and moved the first of the following resolutions:

1st.—That this assembly laments past apathy and wrong in the treatment of the Indian tribes, and emphasizes the obligation upon us as a nation to labor for their civilization and to accord to them the rights of citizenship.

2d.—That this assembly recognizes the benevolent efforts now being made to give the Indians religious and secular education, rejoices in the greater care bestowed by successive administrations upon their affairs, and strongly urges the employment of means adapted to their varied conditions, and fitted to give them lands in severalty duly secured to them, and to raise them to self-support and the safe enjoyment of social rights.

3d.—That the chairman of this meeting be requested to communicate these resolu-

tions to the President of the United States and to the Secretary of the Interior.

He also read the following letter from President Cleveland:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, March 21, 1886.

DEAR MADAM: I have received your invitation to attend a meeting appointed for the purpose of considering the best mode for advancing a more liberal policy in the government of the Indians. The demands of official duties will not permit me to accept your invitation, but I cannot refrain from expressing my hearty sympathy with every movement in the direction of a proper solution of the important and difficult question which has challenged the attention and interest of a great number of the good people of the land. There is much to do. Good results will not attend the simple contemplation of the wrongs of the Indian, nor of his present pitiable condition, and I believe there are and must be immediate steps taken and a way patiently trod before we can reach what we all desire—the civilization of the Indian and his investiture with all civil rights.

The question, it seems to me, should be: What are the most efficient means which can now be adopted for the ultimate accomplishment of these ends? Let us have a well-defined plan of operation and adhere to it with constancy and persistency, nearing all the time the object of our efforts. Thanking you for your invitation to the meeting and the offered hospitality of your home, I am yours sincerely,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

*To Mrs. John J. Astor, New York.*

At its close the Bishop warmly indorsed its sentiment and demanded that the Indian be put on the same level as the rest of us, that his children be educated, his rights protected, and his wrongs redressed; just like our own. He closed with warm commendation for the honest and persistent efforts at Hampton and Carlisle, that had done so much to prove the Indians' capacity for development, and commend-

ed the President's proposal to appoint six Commissioners to whose charge this whole problem should be entrusted.

Rev. Dr. Hall seconded the resolution and dwelt strongly upon the fact that the East is no less guilty than the West for the past injustice and oppression. He plead for lands in severalty, inalienable for one or two generations, for schools that should teach religion as well as other things, and for citizenship as fast as the red man could be made ready for it.

Rev. Dr. MacArthur at the close of an able speech said, "It was once doubted whether the Indian was human enough to have human claims, but, it since had been proven that all the women were fond of dress, and all the men regarded ill-paid work as belonging to women, we could no longer deny them this place in the ranks of humanity."

The conference of the M. E. church in session in the city sent in a telegraphic message of sympathy with the objects of the meeting.

Capt. Pratt of the Carlisle School, brought to the platform samples of tin-ware, horse-shoes, portions of harness, jacket and trousers, all the work of Indian students, as object lessons of their capacity for education. "It doesn't matter what tribe they come from," he said. "About the best workmen we have are those 'horrid Apaches,' as they are called. We defy any school in the country to show such successful Industrial education as Carlisle has shown in its brief existence of six years." Upon this forcible and telling speech followed Gen. Armstrong with his earnest plea for fair play, and his able refutation of the statements made in Congress, that the Indian after education lapsed into barbarism.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Taylor gave the final address urging the Dawes Bill, and the resolutions were unanimously passed. It was impossible not to feel, that, in so far as New York City was concerned the work had received a grand impulse in the right direction.

## REPORTS OF CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS.

**BOSTON.** *Port and Seamen's Aid Society.* Nineteenth Annual Report. *President*, Rev. S. K. Lothrop; *Secretary*, John A. Bennett. The Society is organized for the purpose of improving the condition of seamen and their families about Boston, of relieving the sick and disabled, of affording aid and encouragement to poor and industrious seamen and of promoting the education of seamen's children. Current Receipts, \$5,573.45; expenses, \$6,454.16.

*Temporary Home for Working-Women.* *President*, Miss E. F. Mason; *Treasurer*, Mr. Robert H. Bancroft. The object of the Society appears in its name and in its motto, "Help those who want to help themselves." Current Receipts, \$7,186.51; expenses, \$6,606.33.

*House of the Good Samaritan.* Twenty-fifth Annual Report. *President*, Robert Codman; *Secretary*, Miss Robbins. Current Receipts, \$17,753.90; expenses, \$17,801.33.

*Woman's Educational Association.* *President*, Miss E. S. Parkman; *Secretary*, Mrs. Herbert Cushing. The object of the Association is to promote the better education of women. Current Receipts, \$352.63; expenses, \$441.00.

**BALTIMORE, Md.** *The Thomas Wilson Sanitarium.* Sixth Annual Report. *President*, Francis T. King; *Secretary*, Wm. A. Fisher. The object of the Sanitarium is to secure the better health of the poorer women and infants of Baltimore through the summer. Current Receipts, \$44,535.16; expenses, \$47,619.46.

SINCE the article upon Sewing Schools in this number was printed, Mrs. Emily A. Fifield has been chosen a member of the Boston School Committee to fill a vacancy for the remainder of the year. We wish therefore to correct the inference on page 262 that no woman now serves on the Boston School Committee.—Eds.